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The Shape of Things

IN THE PAST WEEK THE GERMAN DRIVE against Moscow has made little headway, but as we go to press word comes of renewed offensive efforts directed against Kalinin, northeast of the capital, and Tula, an important strategic point to the southeast. Reports suggest that the weather is improving from the German point of view, with hard frosts binding the muddy roads which had been immobilizing the panzer divisions. While checked before Moscow, the Nazis continued to advance elsewhere, showing once again their ability to divert pressure from one part of the front to another. In this instance their objective was the Crimean Peninsula, where they succeeded in breaking the stubbornly defended Russian lines at the narrow Perekop Isthmus which joins it to the mainland. Sweeping forward rapidly after this success, they are now approaching the southern coast and the great Soviet naval base at Sevastopol. Capture of this stronghold would leave the Russian Black Sea fleet in a serious plight, for its only remaining base would be Novorossisk on the coast of the Caucasus. But this city, too, will be menaced by the fall of either Rostov or Kerch, a port at the eastern extremity of the Crimea divided only by a narrow strait from the northern Caucasus. In view of this development the threat to the main Russian oil fields is becoming desperately serious. And in general the Russian situation is such as to dispel the last shreds of complacency in the West.

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JAPAN'S ROLE IN THE WORLD CONFLICT took on new significance last week when the Nazi government officially announced that the United States had attacked Germany. Many observers interpreted this as an open appeal for Japanese assistance under the Tripartite Pact. Both Berlin and Tokyo promptly disclaimed any such intention, but it cannot be denied that Germany has established the technical basis for such an appeal should it subsequently decide that the time is ripe to bring Japan into the war. The real question is of course not how Japan's obligations under the pact should be interpreted but whether Japan can best serve the Axis cause in or out of the conflict. At this stage there seems little doubt

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that Japan is more useful as a bellicose non-belligerent. By alternately threatening to move north or south, it has effectively immobilized a powerful Soviet force in Siberia, an increasingly strong British and Dutch force in the South Seas, and the larger part of the American navy. If Toyko entered the war, these combined forces would probably be strong enough to overwhelm the Japanese in a fairly short time. The recently completed scheme under which the United States, Great Britain, China, and the Dutch East Indies have agree to coordinate the flow of vital raw materials—to the exclusion of Japan—may have already been supplemented by coordinated defense arrangements among the ABCD powers. If this is the case, Japan's value to the Axis is clearly based on its ability to keep out of the conflict.

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SENATE ISOLATIONISTS HAVE CONCEDED defeat of their efforts to prevent revision of the Neutrality Act, and by the time this issue of *The Nation* appears on the newsstands it seems probable that both the arming of merchant vessels and the abolition of prohibited zones will have been approved by a large majority. Nor is there much doubt that the House, which has approved the first of these measures, will concur in the second. We cannot hope, however, that signal defeat in Congress will restrain the isolationist minority from claiming that it really represents a majority of the public and that the country is being rushed into war by a Presidential dictator. That is their story, and they will stick to it regardless of evidence that the country approves Mr. Roosevelt's step-by-step policy to prevent a Nazi victory and recognizes that denial of aid to Britain and Russia can only promote the success of Hitler's one-by-one strategy. The rising fury of German attacks on the President indicates the alarm felt in Berlin over the prospect of increased American participation in the Battle of the Atlantic. Already the Nazis have been forced to admit that their attacks on shipping have been reduced in effectiveness; their own figures show a total of 441,300 tons sunk in October compared with claims of 683,400 tons in September. There is no doubt that actual British and Allied losses during the last two months are considerably below the German figures, which throughout the war have been consistently exaggerated.

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THE PRICE-CONTROL BILL APPROVED BY the House Banking Committee has turned out to be even worse than was expected. As a result of pressure from the farm bloc, all possibility of checking the rise of agricultural or food prices was eliminated. If the bill is enacted as it now reads, the prices of farm products cannot be subjected to ceilings which are lower than the highest of three named levels—110 per cent of parity, the price of October 1, the average price prevailing between 1919 and 1929. Since the ratio of farm to industrial prices on which "parity" is based was one of the most favorable in history, and since other prices are bound to rise in sympathy with agricultural prices, there seems no point at which the price-control bill could take hold. A very considerable increase in prices is permitted also by the provision limiting action before prices reach the 1919-29 levels. This provision would permit, for example, the price of raw sugar to rise from its present level of 3.5 cents a pound to 5.84 cents before a ceiling could be imposed. To make matters worse, the House committee struck out of the bill a provision for setting up a system of licensing which was essential for the enforcement of the measure. Fortunately, there are indications that the Administration intends to carry the fight for more effective price control to the floor of the House. But it will have to fight not only against a well-intrenched farm bloc but also against time. For if action is not taken promptly to head off inflation, even the more drastic provisions of Henderson's original bill would be unavailing.

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WHEN THE ARCHBISHOP (NOT THE DEAN) of Canterbury urges help to Russia in the name of civilization, it is plain that Anglo-Soviet relations have come a long way since Munich. But old suspicions die hard, and remnants of mistrust are unhappily to be found on both sides. If the Russians and the Third International are agitated over Britain's failure to invade the Continent, there are those who are similarly uneasy over the purported unwillingness of the Russians to allow British troops to fight on Soviet soil in the Caucasus, not to mention Stalin's outright refusal to permit English or American military observers to go to the front. The possibility or desirability of either opening up a western front or starting joint operations in the Caucasus is primarily a military question, and we do not pretend to know the answer. Neither do the Communists. What we do know is that the campaign they have organized to "Open Up a Western Front" is not helping to deepen confidence between the two allies. If the Churchill government sees no real chance of a successful attack in the west—and there is every evidence that such is the case—these deep strategists will have succeeded not in creating a diversion for Russia's benefit but only in promoting demoralization in Britain. Those who carry on this campaign in England thus take upon themselves a heavy responsibility, but, if unwise, they are at least within their rights. England is in the war. It is hard to take the same charitable view when those whose only contribution to the struggle is to attend rallies in New York howl down the British Ambassador with cries of "Open Up a Western Front."

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IN DENMARK TWO MONTHS AGO WORK WAS begun on a new highway, bridge, and ferry system which will provide a shorter, much speedier route between Copenhagen and Hamburg. The work is being carried out by Danes, and the Danish Treasury is providing the funds, but the plan and purpose of the scheme are Nazi. It is, in fact, just one link in the economic chain with which, as Thomas Reveille shows in his article on page 448, Hitler proposes to bind all Europe and Africa together in his New Order. An inspired article in the Copenhagen newspaper *Politiken,* now subject to Nazi censorship, explains that the new route is to be part of an express highway crossing Europe from northeast to southwest. It will start eventually at Murmansk on the Arctic Ocean and one terminal will be Lisbon, "starting-point for the transatlantic clippers to North America." Another branch, the newspaper continues, will end at Algeciras in Spain, "but the plans include also a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar which, with a railroad across the Atlas Mountains, will connect with the Sahara railroad being built by the French. Thus the huge diagonal route from the Arctic Sea will be continued through Africa, across the narrow Atlantic Ocean, to South America and Chile." Obviously this Gargantuan scheme for a land and air route across half the world will not be completed quickly, but it is significant of the long-range nature of the Nazis' planning that in the midst of their desperate campaign against Russia they should have ordered two of their vassal states to get busy on vital sections. The French Saharan railroad is being built with the virtually slave labor of refugees. In Denmark the wrecking of the country's economy has provided a large pool of unemployed on which Germany can draw for construction of this kind.

*

ROBERTO FARINACCI, MUSSOLINI'S RIGHT-hand man, made a whistling speech the other day. He proudly gave Italy the credit for "creating the atmosphere" for the present war. And fortunately, he continued, "at the right moment we found a powerful ally." This reminds us of the story of the mouse who made a pact with a cat "at the right moment." The mouse, poor innocent, didn't really believe that his "powerful ally" would eat him in the end, but Signor Farinacci seems to have some qualms on that score, for he assured his 40,000 listeners that their best friend, Germany, would not betray them after the war. In support of his rather anxious assertion he said that though Italy had always hated the Hapsburgs—he was speaking in Trieste—there had always been sympathy between the German and Italian peoples. Nobody heckled him; we may be sure of that. But we doubt whether his speech will cause the good citizens of Trieste, or of Italy in general, to sleep better of nights.

NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT BECAME OF the investigation of propaganda in motion pictures by a packed committee of Senate Anglophobes, but information from Washington indicates that it has been unceremoniously ended. For a while it seemed as though it might have serious consequences, since its real purpose was not to investigate propaganda but to frighten publicity-conscious producers by getting them a bad press. When the investigation got under way, however, it took on the atmosphere of a Yahoo convention, and no reporter could avoid giving the impression that the defense had all the best of the argument. Not since the early days of the Dies committee has there been anything to equal the first hearings, when Wendell Willkie, counsel for the producers, discovered that the Senators had not seen the pictures they objected to; he also pointed out that one of the "propaganda films," "Escape," had appeared as a serial in the isolationists' bible, the *Saturday Evening Post.*

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HAVING FAILED THEIR SCREEN TEST, THE isolationists are now turning their attention to radio. It seems that the networks are unwilling to put Mr. Lindbergh in the same category as the Pope of Rome and the President of the United States by giving him a national hookup whenever he chooses to speak. John T. Flynn and the New York *Daily News* see this as persecution, government coercion, and the beginning of the end of freedom in America. The immediate issue is the refusal of the major networks to give full time to the America First rally held in Madison Square Garden on October 30. NBC offered to carry a half-hour of the program on a hookup of sixty-two stations east of Chicago. Senator Wheeler refused. Mutual offered a half-hour both on its network and over WOR. The offer was ignored, and when only a quarter-hour was left available, Senator Wheeler rejected that too. WOR has a letter from the committee's radio chairman admitting that failure to accept was the committee's fault and adding, "I want you to know that I have never found you other than cooperative in all ways." Nevertheless, Mr. Flynn tore into the networks and, sinking to an inexcusable disingenuousness, presented "statistics" to show that in three days the radio chains offered 127 interventionist broadcasts against 6 for the isolationists. To arrive at this ratio Mr. Flynn included as interventionist propaganda straight news broadcasts that reflected unfavorably on Germany, appeals for war relief, and all broadcasts having to do with the defense program. The truth is that NBC alone has carried 15 America First broadcasts this year and has presented 72 isolationist speeches to 56 for the interventionists. If Mr. Flynn thinks that reports of Nazi generals murdering hostages make good propaganda for intervention, we agree. But he is complaining to the wrong people.

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Lewis's Big Gamble

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IT IS well to be frank about the politics of the captive-mine strike and to separate that aspect of the controversy from the more fundamental problems of labor's rights and obligations in a period of emergency.

John L. Lewis is a bitter man. He suffered a major defeat last fall when he came out for Willkie and against the Administration's defense and foreign policy. He promised to resign as president of the C. I. O. if Roosevelt were reelected President of the United States and he did so; but his resignation was a gesture of defiance rather than of defeat. He is fiercely vain and unforgiving. He is still hungry for power. This month at the national convention of the C. I. O. he will either reestablish his dominant position in the organization he created —though he is not expected to try for the presidency— or he will be further discredited. He is playing for a new lease of power.

John L. Lewis is an isolationist with all the trimmings. He hates Great Britain; he loathes the President, Sidney Hillman, and the Defense Mediation Board. He talks the fascist-leftist language of Wheeler, Nye—and Hitler; dismissing Britain's struggle as the dying convulsions of a greedy plutocracy and asserting that American participation in the war would cinch the hold of reaction and repression. This is his major thesis, and he has a major stake in seeing it come true. He has never worried —at least publicly—about the effect on democratic hopes of a Nazi victory.

John L. Lewis has therefore no reason at all for supporting the Administration's program and every reason to sabotage it. But last year's sabotage nearly ended his career. To conduct his war with the President and the President's foreign policy in such a way as to restore his own fortunes was Lewis's most pressing problem, and the captive-mine dispute offered the best possible answer to it.

That his conduct in this dispute might endanger the American labor movement by arousing public indignation and encouraging anti-strike legislation was probably not a matter of serious concern to Mr. Lewis. In fact, such a result would only support his contention that war and preparations for war are certain to bring about repression.

The captive-mine dispute was made to Mr. Lewis's order. For many years the refusal of the coal mines owned by the big steel companies to accept the union shop, which is in force in the rest of the mining industry, has been a grievance of the United Mine Workers. The miners have long waited for an opportunity to win this basic demand, and today, when the steel mills need coal and the coal mines need workers, seemed the logical time to try. Lewis made the demand, the companies refused, the Mediation Board delayed its decision and then merely offered alternative methods of bringing about a settlement—and the workers walked out.

The issue promptly shifted from one between John L. Lewis and the steel companies owning the mines to one between Lewis and the country in the person of the President. Mr. Roosevelt's three unsuccessful attempts to induce Mr. Lewis to call off the strike aroused anger throughout the nation, anger which anti-labor, anti-Administration forces were quick to capitalize. The President was as freely attacked for his patience as Lewis was for his intransigence. But Lewis held out until he could yield in circumstances which leave him full latitude for maneuver and possible final resistance. The strike was called off under the terms of a seventeen-day truce during which the Mediation Board will again try to work out a settlement of the union-shop dispute. Lewis's hands are untied if the decision goes against him.

This leaves him in a strategically stronger position in the C. I. O. He has fought labor's fight against the toughest and most powerful industrial forces in America and he has not surrendered; he has merely accepted a truce at the reiterated personal request of the President of the United States. He will go to the C. I. O. convention with several trump cards up his sleeve. The argument that he has also precipitated a bitter labor struggle in the heart of the defense production will operate against him with less force than it would do if the steel companies were not in the eyes of labor the very symbol of the most ruthless anti-union elements in the whole of American industry.

It is true that the steel companies were driven, by the C. I. O. and the Wagner Act, to accept collective bargaining. But it is also true—and this organized labor knows better than the public—that the major companies and particularly United States Steel are preparing to use the national emergency to dilute or throw out altogether the gains made by labor under the New Deal. The Kearny strike was an opening battle in that campaign, and the company accepted the alternative of government seizure of a plant rather than grant the union's demand for a modified closed shop.

The captive-mines dispute offered a second battle ground. The steel companies know that if the workers win the union shop in the mines, the same demand will be pressed as soon as possible—that is, when present contracts run out—in the steel plants themselves. And they are determined to scotch this plan at the start if they can possibly do it.

The companies have the vast advantage of being able to fight by sitting tight. However unreasonable or unjust their position may be, it is solidly founded in the status quo. To defend it they have only to refuse the demands

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of the union and let the workers bear the onus of creating unnecessary trouble.

This strategy tends still further to help Lewis with labor while it hurts labor with the country. Such a result may not be the object of the steel companies, but as long as both Lewis and the C. I. O. are discredited in the public mind the companies will probably not object if Lewis enjoys a comeback in the convention. Their hand may even be strengthened by an increase in the power of the C. I. O.'s ex-chief.

Where in this struggle for power does the defense program come in? It would fare badly if its progress were left to the uninhibited impulses of Mr. Lewis and the steel magnates. Fortunately, the Administration has provided machinery to settle the dispute if it can be settled, and if it cannot, provision is also made for government seizure and operation of the mines. This is a drastic step which both miners and bosses will avert if they are still accessible to reason and capable of compromise.

For the real issue in the present struggle is not the closed shop but what methods may legitimately be applied by the workers to win it and by the employers to resist it. If John L. Lewis had not been spoiling for a fight he would have voluntarily accepted the services of the Mediation Board, even if to do so involved delay. And if the companies were as much interested in the country as in their feudal labor policy they would have done the same. But to both the stakes of economic and political power were more important than the defeat of Hitler, and only the force of outraged public opinion expressed by the President drove them to an armistice. It remains to be seen whether it will be strong enough to produce a genuine peace.

The American Defeatists

IN RECENT WEEKS the Nazi press and radio have been preparing the ground for a peace offensive to be launched openly if and when the kernel of Russian resistance is smashed. On page 448 of this issue, Thomas Reveille suggests the form which this offensive will take and analyzes the advantage which it offers the Nazis. If Hitler is successful in persuading Britain to negotiate peace, then he will have achieved the hegemony of Europe and will be able to proceed with the organization of his New Order knowing that the British Empire will eventually fall into his lap like a ripe plum. It can be taken for granted, however, that the British will not be tricked, and the odds are that Hitler will then adopt his second alternative of an undeclared peace or phony war, during which the German forces will pursue a defensive policy while the conquered lands are being integrated with the Reich and the economic basis for a final onslaught on the West prepared.

If this plan is to succeed, it is essential that the United States should be kept out of the war at all costs and that American aid to Britain should not be increased. It follows that the anticipated "long and sustained peace maneuvers" must have among their major objectives the capture of public opinion in this country. In the past few days we have witnessed the first tactical moves in this direction. On October 23 John Cudahy, former ambassador to Belgium and more recently a visitor to Germany, appeared before a secret session of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee and urged that the United States adopt the role of mediator between Hitler and his enemies. On October 30, as one of the star speakers at the America First rally in Madison Square Garden, he publicly advocated the same policy. America, he told his audience, should not intervene in the war but should use the threat of intervention to enforce peace. He quoted von Ribbentrop as saying to him that Germany feared more than anything America's entry into the war, and he proposed that "this fear should be capitalized to initiate peace negotiations."

Everybody knows that peace with Hitler can be secured, but the question is, at what price? And on that momentous detail Mr. Cudahy did not enlighten his audience at the Garden. After appearing before the Senate committee, however, he did tell reporters that he supposed Hitler would demand some "central control in Europe." That remark ranks high among masterpieces of understatement, for there is surely no doubt that Hitler would consent to peace now only on the basis of retention of his conquests or, at best, the granting of nominal independence to states like France. Is that the kind of peace which Mr. Cudahy wishes the United States to mediate? Is he proposing that American influence should be used to rivet Nazi chains permanently on Norway, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Yugoslavia, and Greece? Is this the kind of settlement which he thinks ought to be underwritten with American gold? If not, he should give us a broad outline of the peace terms he considers equitable.

We do not accuse Mr. Cudahy and his associates of being conscious German agents, despite the rapturous applause and attention their every utterance receives in Berlin, but we do say that they are dangerous carriers of Nazi germs. No doubt when Hitler and von Ribbentrop so kindly gave Mr. Cudahy interviews they did not propose that he undertake the advance publicity for their peace offensive. But it is equally clear that they did drop into a receptive mind the ideas that they wished to put across, feeling confident that Mr. Cudahy would rapidly become convinced that they were his own original thoughts. They picked their man astutely.

Granting, however, that Mr. Cudahy is unaware of

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his sources of inspiration, we cannot altogether recommend his candor. We are informed on good authority that before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee he adopted an extremely defeatist attitude, saying we could not hope to defeat Germany in a hundred years. If he believes that, what is the logic of stressing publicly Germany's fear of American might?

In his speech at the Garden Mr. Lindbergh indulged his defeatism to the full but failed to back up his fellow-orator's proposals for American peace mediation. Presumably he recognized that to talk about capitalizing German fear of American intervention is mere bluff unless we intend to intervene should our efforts to secure a just peace fail. And Mr. Lindbergh believes that we should not intervene in the war under any circumstances. He continues to urge that Europe be left to stew in its own juice, and he is quite happy to see Hitler, as head chef, adding Russia and Asia and Africa to his pot.

In the course of a prolonged regurgitation of his previous speeches Lindbergh explained that in 1939 Britain and France should have recognized Germany's overwhelming superiority and refused to go to the aid of Poland. "If Germany had been permitted," he said, "to throw her armies eastward against Russia in 1939 instead of in 1941, the picture in Europe would be far different today. Whether or not Germany would have turned west after conquering Russia is debatable. But even if she had done so, a weaker Germany would have faced a stronger England and France." The cold immorality of this statement is matched only by its political infantilism. Does Lindbergh really believe that Nazi Germany would have been weakened if allowed to digest Russia unmolested, or that its appetite would have been appeased? Is he suggesting that if and when Germany completes its conquest of Russia its ambitions will be achieved? If Goebbels, with the aid of his America First volunteers, succeeds in selling that notion to America, he will have won a decisive victory in the peace offensive.

Social Security Taxes

THAT the Treasury will rely on a substantial increase in the pay-roll taxes levied under the Social Security Act for a major part of the additional revenues required for the 1942 tax bill now appears certain. The only thing that remains to be settled is the size of the boost that Congress will be asked to make. One proposal, which apparently has strong support within the Treasury Department, calls for raising the employee's contribution to the old-age and survivors' insurance fund from the present 1 per cent to 5 per cent, and increasing the levy which supports unemployment insurance. The possibility of combining old-age, survivors', disability, and unemployment insurance in one system, supported by a tax of approximately 6 per cent, is also being studied. Additional taxes would not only be levied on the 32,000,000 persons now covered by the Social Security Act but extended to some 27,000,000 persons in categories now exempt. Estimates of the additional revenues to be thus gained vary from two and a half to five billion dollars.

The case for a further drastic increase in taxation as an anti-inflation measure is of course overwhelming. The continued increase in defense expenditures is constantly creating new purchasing power which cannot be offset by an increased volume of consumers' goods. Unless this buying power is mopped up by higher taxes, inflation is inevitable. Much may also be said for taking advantage of this opportunity to extend coverage under the Social Security Act to farm laborers, domestic workers, employees of non-profit organizations, and others now denied the benefits of the act. But the suggested extension of coverage in no way depends on the proposed boost in the levy on pay rolls. The increased tax is advocated solely as an anti-inflation measure and as such must be weighed against other forms of taxation.

Judged on this basis the pay-roll levy is about the worst possible tax that could be imposed. Since it is levied only on incomes under $3,000, it is more regressive even than the deservedly unpopular sales tax. It would undoubtedly reduce purchasing power, but since it would fall predominantly on low-income families, its chief effect would be to cut down the consumption of food and other everyday necessities. The demand for durable consumers' goods and luxuries would be only slightly curtailed. Thus the effects of the tax would run directly counter to the broad social objectives of the Administration, now doubly important from the standpoint of strengthening the nation's internal defenses.

The alternative to the increased pay-roll levy is, of course, a steep rise in the excess-profits tax and further substantial increases in income and inheritance tax rates. These taxes fall primarily on the well-to-do and have the effect of curtailing individual savings and expenditures for luxuries. The objection to them is that they are bound to encounter stiff political opposition. Although the well-to-do pay a fairly small proportion of the country's total tax bill, they contribute considerably more squawks per dollar than any other income group. Having failed in its effort to obtain equitable and adequate tax legislation at this session of Congress because of the organized opposition of business lobbies, the Treasury appears to have adopted a frankly opportunistic policy with regard to next year's bill. On the pretext of extending the benefits of social insurance, it would adopt a brazen soak-the-poor tax bill. It would take this action even at the risk of discrediting the whole social-security system in the eyes of the public. Its proposals may be good politics, but they are bad economics and utterly lacking in statesmanship.

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War in the Workshops

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 31

THE Tolan committee was set up by the House under "a resolution to inquire further into the interstate migration of citizens, emphasizing the present and potential consequences of the migration caused by the national defense program." It takes its name from its chairman, Congressman John H. Tolan of California, and he and his colleagues are to be commended for the thorough job they have done. The committee, at hearings here and in Detroit, recently found itself going into the basic problems of the defense program. If civilian capacity can be converted to defense and orders spread widely enough, defense migrations and their attendant dislocations can be averted. Workers can find jobs at home. We can prevent the creation of ghost towns in one area while new boom towns, with inadequate housing and insufficient sanitation, spring up in others. This key to the problem of defense migration is also the key to the problem of a total defense effort. Some of the material dug up by the committee supports contentions put forward many times in the past year by this correspondent and others, and if they are stressed here again, it is because they are so vitally important if new "victory" programs are to become realities in time.

1. *Inventory of Capacity.* The first step in a total effort is to know what tools we have. H. S. Person, a famous consulting engineer, for fifteen years managing director of the Taylor Society, testified that the Nazis have "inventoried and brought under control not only the resources of Germany but also those of occupied territories. We have hardly begun to inventory our resources." We ought to have a national inventory covering every machine and factory in the country and the defense uses to which it can be put. The testimony of Donald M. Nelson, executive secretary of the SPAB, showed that the SPAB had ordered a compilation of material requirements but gave no indication that it was making an inventory of the machinery available to meet those requirements. Mr. Nelson and the SPAB have made a promising start, and it is with no desire to pillory either that I suggest Mr. Nelson be recalled and asked why no inventory of machine capacity has yet been ordered.

2. *What an Inventory Could Accomplish.* Michigan ranks fifth among the states in defense contracts as a whole and first in volume of ordnance contracts and subcontracts. Yet Governor Murray D. Van Wagoner of Michigan told the committee that 2,000 of its small and medium-sized factories may soon be closed down for lack of work. "Michigan could produce 50 per cent more for defense if the energies of our small industries were tapped." The Governor suggested an inventory and engineering survey to determine what use could be made of these facilities and what new tools and dies were needed to adapt them to defense. He touched a vital spot when he said, "The tooling up process might be accelerated by the pooling of existing resources for tool-and-die manufacture."

3. *Obstacles.* The machine-tool industry doesn't want to share its orders with manufacturers in other lines. The automobile industry has no desire to turn over its private tool-making capacity to a coordinated-defense tool program. "For the past months," R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, testified, "as the world situation has become more and more critical, well over 20,000 tool-and-die makers have been operating the machine tools of the auto industry in producing the tools, dies, jigs, and fixtures necessary to the production of new model cars."

4. *What About the Reuther Plan?* One witness in Detroit was Major Ross L. Gardner, automotive liaison section, central procurement district, United States Army Air Corps. Major Gardner said aircraft production has been his "sole business for thirty-one years." Representative Osmers of New Jersey questioned him.

> *Mr. Osmers.* Do you feel that the transition can be made from building automobiles to building airplanes?
>
> *Major Gardner.* Oh, yes.
>
> *Mr. Osmers.* Is it true, as has been contended, that automobile tools are almost wholly unadaptable to the manufacture of airplanes?
>
> *Major Gardner.* That is not true.

5. *Ask Mr. Knudsen.* Why doesn't the Tolan committee question Knudsen? Alex Taub, for years a General Motors employee here and in England, was recently brought from abroad to give us the benefit of British experience in conversion.

> Ten months ago, when I first returned to America [Taub testified], the state of mind of industries such as the motor-car industry was still against any interference with their normal business. Defense work was only acceptable to those who foresaw a possible cut in their output, and these were few. At that time the announced percentage of facilities available for defense work was in the neighborhood of 15 per cent. Today, with curtailment on the premises, it is freely admitted that 50 per cent of the facilities can be used for defense with a possibility in certain areas of extending this to 70 per cent. We have one instance of actual practice where nearer to 90 per cent is used.

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This instance, I have learned, was an order for gears for aircraft engines. One company wanted $5,000,000 to build and equip a new plant to make these gears. Ford found it possible to take on the job with existing equipment and a $100,000 order for new gear grinders. The 15 per cent estimate referred to by Mr. Taub was made by Mr. Knudsen himself at a press conference. Is it wise to leave a man who can be so wrong about the defense possibilities of his own industry in a top position at OPM and SPAB?

6. *The Next Step.* So long as industrial mobilization is left in the hands of men like Knudsen who are employees of the businesses to be mobilized, too little and too late will continue to sum up our effort. Can one imagine either the OPM or the SPAB, as at present constituted, taking the next step outlined by Mr. Person in his testimony? "The radical, the effective, the urgent step is still to be taken. There is still be to set up an agency, with the authority of common consent as well as of law and with the competence of technical knowledge, whose task will be to organize all the plants of the nation into one great coordinated national plant."

7. *The Front Line.* "War today," said Morris Llewellyn Cooke in his testimony before the committee, "is fought in the workshops of the world." Neither army-navy procurement officials nor the OPM understand. Mr. Cooke described how some fifty garages in one section of Australia pooled their efforts to make parts for Bren guns and were in production within seven weeks. Mr. Taub told of an English motor-car company, half the size of Studebaker, which found it possible to manufacture the forty-two-ton Churchill tank with the machinery it had used for making motor cars. In Rhode Island, Mr. Cooke said, a clothing manufacturer is making sights for the Oerlikon anti-aircraft gun. A little imagination and will, a readiness to subordinate business as usual and to give up the advantage of new government-financed plants, will go a long way. But these are the very qualities still missing in our defense program as it is organized today.

"Peace" This Winter

BY THOMAS REVEILLE

HITLER'S next step after he has achieved his objectives on the Russian front will most probably be a peace offensive of a definitely new and very dangerous type. It will not be just another "peace offer" of the kind made to England after the Polish campaign and after Dunkirk, but a long and sustained peace maneuver. Its primary aim will be to induce a negotiated peace, because that is Hitler's best short-cut to world dominion. Maintenance of a peculiar state of armed truce, not unlike the "phony war" which prevailed between September, 1939, and May, 1940, is the preferred Nazi method for breaking the will to war of the democracies. The disintegrating psychological and political effects of the new armed truce are expected to be even more devastating than were the effects of the phony war on the European nations subsequently overrun by the Nazi hordes. If the maneuver does not succeed, the armed truce will have provided Hitler with the time he needs to take the longer road to world conquest, that is, to organize the New Order with that end in view.

Psychological considerations are not the only factors which will impel Hitler to launch a sustained peace offensive. The foreseeable strategic, political, and technical circumstances of the future exclude any different move on the part of the Nazi Reich. The strategic factors may be examined first. At the conclusion of the Russian campaign Nazi Europe will have three major military fronts—the eastern front, the northern front, and the southern front. In order to determine precisely what Hitler's next move must be, one has to appraise the character of each of these three fronts and the danger each presents to Nazi Europe.

Hitler embarked on his Russian adventure on June 22 with two objectives in view. The first was to eliminate the ever-present threat of the Red Army to the extensive eastern frontiers of Nazi Europe. The second was to push the Russians out of Europe into Asia. Russia's natural resources were needed to strengthen the industrial and agricultural basis of the New Order, especially in the event of a protracted war.

Hitler may be said to have achieved his main objective when the Germans reached the gates of Moscow. By then the offensive strength of the Russian army had been definitely shattered, and the key industrial and raw-material centers of the Soviet Union had been occupied or were seriously threatened. The Russians were not likely to be able to reequip their man-power adequately and speedily enough for offense from their two remaining sources of supply. The Soviet industries in and around the Urals were obviously insufficient for the purpose. And Anglo-American deliveries during the first four critical months of the war had been too slow to inspire fears of speedy Russian rearmament from this source. By the end of October, therefore, the problem of

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a Soviet stand beyond the Volga, or the Ural Mountains, became of secondary importance for Adolf Hitler. His position was analogous to that of Caesar after the conquest of Gaul, when the Roman conqueror could feel safe except for periodic raids by the Germanic tribes. Unless there is an unexpectedly rapid increase in Anglo-American aid to the Soviet Union, Hitler can regard his Russian acquisitions as secure for some time.

The northern front is not likely to be the next arena for German military action, for it is not a land front. Moreover, since the Allies were not able to organize even minor raids on the Continent while Hitler was fully occupied in Russia, the Reich will not for the present be unduly concerned over possible landings on the fortified coastline of Northern Europe.

There is, of course, the ever-present threat of the Royal Air Force over European skies. But is this aerial threat serious enough to the Reich to call for action in the immediate or near future? In this connection it must be recalled that even at the height of the Russian campaign, when the Luftwaffe was fully engaged on the eastern front, R. A. F. flights did not reach out beyond the coast of Northern Europe, and bombing expeditions over such relatively nearby targets as the Rhineland and Berlin continued to be restricted in scope. The intensity of R. A. F. activity did not increase enough to be seriously damaging to Europe's industries and transport system; no such claims have, in any case, been made by the British. With the return of the Luftwaffe fighters from the eastern front it is hardly likely that R. A. F. activity can increase either in range or in intensity.

The threat of the R. A. F. to German Europe is not therefore sufficiently grave to warrant large-scale Nazi efforts to eliminate it. But even if it were, the Reich would not be in a position to undertake such action. The reason is obvious. The R. A. F. cannot be eliminated except by an invasion of England, and such an invasion will be, on technical grounds alone, hardly possible for some time. The Luftwaffe, as well as the other German armed services, exhausted by the Russian campaign, will need both recuperation and replenishment before it can embark on new big ventures.

There remains the southern front, stretching from the Dardanelles to Gibraltar. The Allied forces on this front are too weak to constitute a serious offensive threat to Nazi Europe. This weakness is clearly established by the inability of the Allied Near Eastern command to organize an effective expedition against the Axis troops stationed in Libya during the long interval which has elapsed since the Battle of Greece. Nevertheless, the Allied forces here constitute a menace to Nazi Europe for two reasons. They block Axis communications in the Mediterranean and the approach to the oil wells of the Middle East. Their presence also serves as an unpleasant reminder to the Nazis that they have not yet accomplished the first part of their purpose—the banishing of the British from the ordained *Lebensraum* of the New Order, which comprises both the European and the African continent and is referred to as "Eurafrica." The very weakness of the Allied forces is an additional incentive for German military action in this area.

Such action is likely to be undertaken soon, probably in the coming winter months; the Nazis should be able to muster easily the relatively small force of men and amount of material required for this campaign. The campaign can be launched by three possible routes—through Turkey and the Caucasus, through Libya, or through Spain and French Africa. The first route is the most hazardous by reason of its exceedingly difficult terrain and very poor communications. The route through Spain and French Africa, on the other hand, might threaten immediate complications with the United States, and at this juncture the Nazis are anxious to avoid such complications almost at any cost. Libya, therefore, is indicated as the locale for the launching of the Mediterranean and Middle Eastern campaign; action here may be supplemented by action against the Syrian coast from the Italian islands in the Aegean Sea and from Crete.

Once the Eurafrican *Lebensraum* has become an indisputable Nazi domain, Hitler is bound to embark on a long and sustained peace offensive. The advantages which he can derive from such a policy are very substantial. In the first place, it permits him to keep his promise to the German people that they would have peace by 1942. He will be in a position to give them "peace." The Eurafrican *Lebensraum* may be considered immune from attack for the better part, if not the whole, of 1942. Technically speaking, therefore, peace can prevail within the New Order. The semblance of keeping his promise to the German people will be heightened by another "peace offer." Such an offer is certain to be turned down by Great Britain and the United States. The refusal will be utilized as a further confirmation of the fact that Hitler himself has fulfilled his part of the promise. The Führer will be pictured as the man who wants peace, and who will abide by his determination by simply ignoring the continued hostility of the "plutocratic" democracies, except for retaliation. Retaliation will of course take the form of bombing attacks on England and of accelerated submarine warfare.

The policy of a sustained peace offensive is also essential for consolidating the first stage of Hitler's march to world conquest. A prolonged period of calm devoted to the consolidation of the European continent as a German domain is a recurring theme of Nazi literature and blueprints. In "Mein Kampf" and elsewhere it had been foreseen that the peace interval necessary for this consolidation would materialize through Great Britain's "coming to its senses" and becoming either an ally of

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Germany or, at least, a benevolent neutral. This was and continues to be the cornerstone of Adolf Hitler's dreams, the veritable axis around which he devised his schemes for world conquest. England's persistent refusal to play the role assigned to it constitutes the fatal obstacle.

But the Reich can take no other course. It must pursue the policy of an armed truce, a phony war, in the hope either of inducing thereby a negotiated peace or, at the very worst, of obtaining the long respite necessary to organize the New Order for an actual military attack upon the Anglo-Saxon world. The Reich is essentially a land power and cannot achieve a dominant naval position for many years; the Italian navy is not adequate for tasks beyond European and African waters. The rebuilding of the Luftwaffe to and beyond its strength before the Russian adventure will similarly require large efforts which are bound to take time. The requirements of the campaigns in Scandinavia, Western Europe, and Russia have not permitted the Reich to devote enough time to the organization of the New Order. Discontent is rife among subjugated peoples and must be attended to before the Reich is in a position to make further substantial military preparations. For nine years large sacrifices in their material well-being have been exacted of the German people, and a let-up or respite is essential to the maintenance of domestic morale and stamina.

These factors, coupled with Europe's invulnerability to outside attack for some time to come, make it inevitable that Hitler should devote his major efforts to constructing the New Order. The legal and institutional framework for that order already exists, but most of the actual implementation remains to be accomplished. Such implementation will take two principal forms. The first is the Germanization of important industrial areas in Europe. On account of the threat of the ever-lengthening reach of the Royal Air Force it becomes necessary to hasten the process, started as far back as 1935, of moving heavy industry and armament industries toward the south, in particular to Central Europe. Inasmuch as Central Europe is now inhabited by non-Germans, the population must be increasingly diluted with Germans. Germans from cities and industrial areas now subject to R. A. F. bombing will be settled in such industrial regions as Bohemia and Moravia. The displaced Czech and other alien peasants and workers will be sent either to the vulnerable parts of the Reich or to the factories and lands vacated by the retreating Russian soldiers and civilians. The industrial system of Europe must be reorganized to yield the maximum not only in offensive and defensive armaments but also in peace-time goods.

The second part of the Nazi scheme for the New Order requires a thorough reorganization of the raw-material and agricultural structure of Europe so that relative self-sufficiency may be achieved in the event of a long-continued war with the Anglo-Saxon democracies.

The sustained peace offensive has even more promising potentialities for Hitler and the Nazi Party in its possible effects on the morale of both subjugated and democratic peoples. The effects of a long phony war on subjugated peoples are obvious. The elimination of the prospect of a quick Allied victory would probably bring about growing despair among the conquered peoples, leading eventually to their acquiescence in, or acceptance of, the New Order. The danger of this happening is increased by the fact that a state of phony war would permit the Nazis to undertake murderous purges of the conquered like those instituted by General Heydrich in Czecho-Slovakia.

The effects of a sustained Nazi peace offensive on democratic morale would be no less menacing. The offensive will be utilized in an effort to bring about either a slackening of the armament efforts of the democracies or their moral and political disintegration, or both. It is true that a prolonged armed truce would present the democracies with more time and opportunities to make gigantic strides in their armament efforts. But it is equally, if not more, probable that the immediate inability of the democracies to undertake an actual offensive against the European continent, coupled with the disintegrating psychological repercussions of a military lull, might bring about a mass movement in favor of the negotiated peace which would be Hitler's easiest path to world dominion.

The tendency to slacken war effort

YOUR FÜHRER NEEDS YOU
IT IS HEREBY DECREED THAT ALL MALES BETWEEN 1 AND 100 IN THE INFERIOR COUNTRIES WILL REGISTER AT ONCE FOR MILITARY SERVICE TO REPAIR THE ALLEGED LOSSES (WHICH ARE ABSOLUTELY DENIED) IN THE HOLY WAR TO LOOT RUSSIA
BY SUPREME COMMAND
Yours Affectionately
Hitler
HUNGARY HORTHY
RUMANIA ANTONESCU
MUSSOLINI
BORIS BULGAR
HELLO, SUCKER!

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on the slightest excuse is a democratic failing which cannot be overlooked. This failing was plainly manifest throughout democratic Europe, especially in France and England, during the period between September, 1939, and May, 1940. It became noticeable again after Hitler invaded Russia; the English people almost tended to forget the seriousness of the Nazi menace, and American public opinion became perceptibly less bellicose.

The grave potentialities of Hitler's next step should therefore be fully appreciated at an early stage. This step can be combated effectively in two ways: first, by explaining in unambiguous terms to the democratic masses the purpose and implications of Hitler's scheme; secondly, by getting down to the job of arming at full speed in order to be able to launch an offensive against continental Europe before Hitler is able to consolidate his New Order. Such a goal is within relatively easy reach of the democracies. Hitler cannot organize both for defense and offense quickly enough to overtake an accelerated democratic effort. It took him seven long years to build the armed forces with which he crushed the armies of his European enemies. A battleship like the Bismarck took more than five years to build, and during that period there was no R. A. F. to bomb European shipyards. All of Europe and Africa cannot give Hitler the edge over the democracies in man-power, raw materials, or industry. Moreover, Hitler has to organize his vast new resources practically from scratch, while the resources of the democracies will soon be completely on a war footing. A determined and sustained war effort can render the democracies ready for the kill well before Hitler has been able to organize for defense.

America After Defense

BY ALDEN STEVENS

III. The Great Unwinding

THE first article in this series examined the effect of defense on technological advance and suggested that as the defense program grows and employment increases with it, the threat of technological unemployment after the war becomes greater and greater. The second article considered the effect of defense on the country's productive plant, showing that this plant is being enlarged and modernized under the impact of the crisis and will emerge from the war able to provide Americans, to say nothing of other peoples, with more material goods than have ever been available before.

The threat of a post-war economic collapse is obvious, and is on many tongues. As millions of men leave the army after the emergency is over and as four or five times as many stop making tanks and guns and shells and battleships, they must find employment in other fields or, without an income, they will be unable to buy the products of our fabulously enlarged and improved industrial plant. If the plant is unable to sell its products, it must slow down, adding more workers to the ranks of the unemployed. When demobilization actually takes place, therefore, we shall have to devise a mechanism that will in some way provide all Americans with the means to buy the things which our enormously expanded plant will be geared to produce. This mechanism must, whatever else it does, provide jobs for all.

Before we can begin to devise such a system we must consider the known factors in the problem of demobilization: first of all, the number of persons we may expect to be affected. By 1944, according to the National Resources Planning Board, there will be 23,000,000 workers in defense industries and at least 3,500,000 men in the armed forces of the United States, provided, of course, that the war continues and that our defense production expands on schedule. Should peace come somehow next year, the figures would be smaller—11,700,000 in defense industries and 2,500,000 in the armed forces, a total of 14,200,000 persons. At present about 1,800,000 men are in the armed forces and about 4,500,000 in defense and related industries. More than 4,000,000 Americans are still unemployed. Thus when world peace is restored, between 7,000,000 and 26,000,000 persons in this country will be obliged to find new jobs, the number depending upon how long the war continues and upon the progress of our own armed effort.

Another known fact is that many industries, with resources provided by the defense program, have improved their methods, installed labor-saving devices, and achieved far greater production with less man-power than ever before. This will be very definitely a factor to be reckoned with when the time comes for readjustment to peace. But while we know that America's capacity to produce is going to be greater than ever, we know, too, that Americans need the things we shall be able to produce. And we know that when war ends in Europe, the physical problem of reconstruction will be staggering, and the task of feeding Europe until Old World agriculture gets back into its swing no less immense. We can be pretty sure that a large share of both jobs will fall to us, and that our part in them will not

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end with one big-hearted shipment of wheat and potatoes but will go on for years. Moreover, vast mechanical problems are involved in the change-over of war-material plants to peace-time uses.

At the close of the first World War demobilization was accomplished without much real trouble. But even then it was realized that it could not be done in a week. Ten months passed before the 2,000,000 men of the A. E. F. got back to this country, and the government did not want them to come any faster. At the time of the armistice it had unfinished contracts for war material worth $6 billion which it was wary about canceling. Some war-material factories were kept running months after the armistice, and of course settlements were made on unfinished contracts and in some cases the government assisted firms to change over to peace-time production. It saw clearly that 4,000,000 soldiers and more than 3,000,000 industrial workers could not be dumped on the labor market overnight.

In 1918 the movement from farm to city had already started (remember the song, "How're you going to keep 'em down on the farm?"). After the armistice a million copies of a booklet entitled "Forward to the Farm! Why not?" were distributed to service men. But the drift to the city went on. In 1919, when the Kansas wheat crop seemed in danger for want of hands, a reemployment committee set up by the government had no trouble getting 50,000 ex-service men into the wheat country—but at $5 to $7 a day, usually in addition to food and lodging. The farm was not mechanized then.

The Council for National Defense, the Red Cross, the United States Employment Service, and various local agencies combined in a campaign to get employers to hire the veterans of the A. E. F. They spread posters and propaganda liberally, and with fair success. By the end of 1919, 927,000 ex-soldiers out of 1,326,000 who had applied had been placed in jobs. It was all very systematically handled—questionnaires about training and experience were sent to France to be filled out before the boys sailed for home, and some of them found jobs waiting for them when they landed. Most of them did not.

Jobs after the war will go first to demobilized soldiers and defense workers, and this is as it should be. What better reward for service can we devise, now that there is no more homestead land? But this necessity adds a youth problem to our other troubles. Dr. Floyd W. Reeves, director of the American Youth Commission, a division of the American Council on Education headed by Owen D. Young, has written:

> A piling up of *several million* [my italics] unemployed, inexperienced new workers will be inevitable unless advance planning finds a way out of this dilemma. . . . The extent of post-defense youth unemployment will depend primarily upon the extent of general unemployment, but it appears certain that whatever the general rate of unemployment, unemployment rates will be higher among the work-seekers under the age of twenty-five, and especially high among those under the age of twenty-one.

Dr. Reeves adds, "Some of the factors which caused unemployed millions during the 1930's have been and are being intensified through the defense effort."

During the last war it was generally assumed that afterward the world would be as it had always been. The nostalgic cry of "Back to normalcy!" echoed in every corner of a war-weary land. The way back seemed perfectly possible. This time it is different. Everywhere people are saying to themselves and their neighbors that the world will not be the same, and that even if it were possible to go back to "normalcy," normalcy would not be good enough.

Whatever the outcome of the present war, at the end of it America must make a choice. We can drift into an extended, aggravated depression, with more unemployed than ever before and with swollen relief rolls keeping large numbers of us alive; or the millions now making tanks and guns and smokeless powder and learning to fight can be turned into really productive workers making the houses and bathtubs and clothing and radios and light airplanes that they and their fellow-Americans want. The change-over from war to peace cannot be expected to occur automatically. It can be brought about only by foresight and planning—more foresight and more planning than we have ever had. And the planning had better start right now. In this war of surprises it is beyond the power of any man to predict the date of an armistice. If the war ended tomorrow we should be faced with a problem of demobilization and readjustment varying only in degree from the problem we should face in 1945 or 1946. We are far from ready now to meet this happy if unlikely possibility, and its effect on America might be tougher than a continuation of the war.

In England Arthur Greenwood and his staff on the Ministry of Reconstruction, established January 7, 1941, are working on the problem for the British government. For British labor a committee under Harold J. Laski has drawn up a blueprint of reconstruction calling for nationalization of land, banks, and transportation facilities—a frankly socialistic set-up for post-war England. In America the National Resources Planning Board is gathering basic facts and figures and has already published a pamphlet called "After Defense—What?" which states in general terms some of the problems. The WPA has made and pigeonholed plans for hundreds of useful projects; these can be dusted off and begun on short notice to absorb persons thrown out of work by the end of arms manufacture.

Post-war planning in the Department of Agriculture has been stimulated by the announcement that we shall have to send a billion dollars' worth of food to Great

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Britain this winter and by the realization that we shall be feeding much of Europe for a long time to come. Not all the benefits of this course will go to Europe: the one-crop system in the South will at last be broken down, and small farmers will plant vegetables and raise dairy products and meat. Secretary Wickard and his colleagues have the nation's nutrition needs firmly in mind.

The Department of Agriculture's excellent little monthly magazine, *Land Policy Review*, like the publications of the National Resources Planning Board, is crammed with news of post-war planning for large government-financed public-works projects—roads, flood control, rural electrification, quick-freezing plants, food-storage facilities, and the like. But one Department of Agriculture analyst writes, "However valuable public works may be in providing stop-gap employment during the transition from defense to peace-time commerce, they cannot alone provide full employment or avoid a post-war depression." Perhaps the lack of more penetrating planning is due to the fact that people in Washington, unlike the British Labor Party, have not decided just how much traditional laissez faire is going to be resumed and how much discarded after the war. Until we make up our minds how much control the government is going to have over power, land, banking, transportation, and industry, we can only putter at post-war reconstruction plans—as the public-works school is doing. Still, it is good that dozens of government bureaus, private foundations, and research agencies, as well as many writers, economists, and engineers, working independently, are trying to devise an answer. If we have economic chaos after this war, it will at least not be because no one saw it coming or sought to avert it.

Hitler eliminated unemployment in Germany, at least for the duration of the war, by mobilizing all Germans into war industry. Our own war industry contains the promise of a permanent solution of the problem in America, but not, like Hitler's, by its own perpetuation. The promise can be fulfilled only if we have the courage and the intelligence to utilize the new wealth-producing capacity that it will bring.

[*This is the last article of Mr. Stevens's series.*]

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

V. The Yellow Broom

SUMMARY OF PARTS I TO IV. *When the rumor spreads through the little Sicilian village of San Filippo that Italy has entered the war, the fishermen set sail for the fishing grounds earlier than usual. The arrival of a Fascist officer in a coast-guard cutter confirms the fact that war has come. The cutter overtakes the fleet and orders it to put out its lights and turn back. From the hill pasture above the village the goatherd Maniscalco and his two sons watch the lights of the fleet go out. Maniscalco, who has been turned out of a wineshop the evening before for declaring that neither King nor Duce shall have his son Carmelo for their wars, swears that "they shall pay." Meanwhile, in the town the crazy old woman Rosaria Grisafi has also seen the lights go out. To her it is a signal that a storm is raging at sea, and in her deranged mind it is confused with the storm in which her husband had been lost years before. She makes preparations to receive the survivors. Then she goes into the town and runs from door to door, knocking and calling out the women with warnings of disaster.*

MAJOR MORI leaned out of his office and gave Nunzio Chiesa an order. The ex-farmer in the soiled black shirt hitched up his belt in lazy acknowledgment of Signor Mori's rank, but he did not rise to his feet. When the office door had closed, Chiesa yawned, scratched among the three-day stubble of his cheek, and called around the door post at his side to the members of his file of the Fascio, Santo Albanese and Umberto Rossi. They came out into the vestibule, smartly dressed, ostentatiously precise in their movements, expressing thus their resentment of Nunzio Chiesa's yawning slovenliness. They were both privately critical of Mori for keeping the ex-farmer in office. Chiesa's past services and a certain hard-headed common sense alone shielded him from trouble. When the agitation after the first World War had died down, he had been the first agrarian to step forward out of the silence, into the Fascio. For several years now he had been going to ruin.

"Bedda matri," Chiesa exclaimed, squinting at them, "we're going to make an important call. It's what you might describe as a significant mission." Rossi and Albanese frowned.

"Ora va," Nunzio yawned and set them in motion with a clucking of his tongue. He marched ahead of them, not with the quick, tiring step of the military forces but with the dogged stride of the peasant going to market. In the piazza several groups were talking in the sunlight. Before the church door were five or six women, chattering loudly.

"Eh," Nunzio exclaimed, falling back a little. "That blessed woman has never been honored with so much

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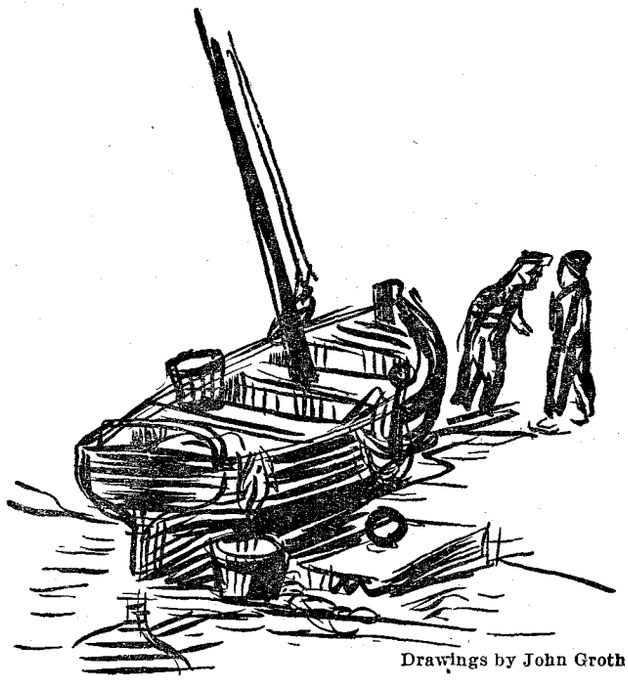

Drawings by John Groth

talk since she came back from whoring in Catania." During the last three nights the blessed Grisafi had gone howling and muttering through the dark streets like an old bitch in the onset of rabies, demoralizing the townsfolk, many of whom were now ready to believe that the war would bring some unparalleled catastrophe.

Behind them a whistle blew, and glancing back they saw Benito Stefani, the fish curer's son, striding after them. Signor Stefani's hands were lifted to the waistline. His gloves were held firmly in one of them. His torso was held back as if he were going downhill. Thrusting his chin up and out, he stared aggressively from side to side. Behind him he left a faint smell of fish.

As he drew level with the file Stefani flicked his black gloves in a forward direction and pounded ahead into Fishermen's Street. At the top of the hill he guided them round the garbage heap. "Halt!" he cried.

Nunzio Chiesa walked on and stooped to squint through the Grisafi's barred window. Straightening up, he made a brief noise expressive of futility.

"Enter," Stefani ejaculated and waved his gloves from Nunzio to the door. Nunzio hitched up his belt, put his feet side by side, drew himself up, and promptly relaxed, offending Stefani. "Eh, old lady, by your leave," Chiesa shouted, pushing the door ajar.

Stefani frowned. "Enter at once and inspect the place thoroughly—to be sure she is not hiding."

Chiesa spread his hands, shrugged his shoulders, and transferred his weight to one leg. Then he pushed the door open. "*Ave Maria,*" he called before entering. Glancing around, he spread his hands again and came out.

"She's not there," he said flatly. Stefani pursed his lips. "I've searched thoroughly," Chiesa added in an expressionless voice, making a turn of his hand indicative of looking under a stone. Stefani fidgeted awhile and took short paces up and down.

"Breaking open chapel doors is a serious matter," Chiesa said vaguely, gazing at the white building.

"Who is talking of breaking open chapel doors?" Stefani demanded petulantly.

"She's in the chapel, I guess. It's blacksmith's work to break open a door. Anyway, a door like that." The crowd that had gathered in the street near the chapel suddenly exclaimed, "Ah!"

The old woman had darted round the chapel corner, snatched up a bright yellow broom and a bucket of water, and retreated once more into the chapel and slammed the door. Stefani marched his men to the front of the chapel. He indicated Chiesa with a flick of his gloves and his task with another flick at the door.

"Talk to her, Chiesa," he snapped at the end of a minute when Chiesa still had not moved. "Do as I tell you."

Several fishermen, Lisazzio among them, took up a position beyond the chapel, toward the threshing floor.

"*Santa Madonna!* Talk to that crazy old thing through a three-inch plank? One will need to have considerable authority!"

"Obey your orders. You have the authority."

"She'll just swear like a Tuscan."

"Do as you are told!"

"Very well." Nunzio Chiesa approached the chapel and banged upon the door with the iron door ring. Immediately there was a screeching flood of abuse from the other side. Nunzio turned to Stefani and waved at the door.

"Eh, just listen, Rosaria," Chiesa protested when the Grisafi had stopped. He rapped his knuckles upon the wood. Just as promptly as before he was defied and reviled. There was one strong expression that was clearly heard. Chiesa, who had turned away, spun around and threw out his hands at the massive planks.

"Shame on you, scandalous old woman," he protested hotly. A colossal remark was the result.

"Stupid old idiot!" Chiesa shouted irascibly.

"Chiesa!"

"Well, what do I do now?"

"Surely you can do better than exchange insults through a door with a deranged female?"

"I told you that's what it would be," Nunzio said loudly, then continued, mumbling to himself, though quite audibly. "*Sporca ma'onna,* what am I to do? Dedicate myself afresh? Saints in heaven, how's a man to proceed, do I make a speech, with profuse and stupendous gestures? Who tells me? Let him do it."

The old woman had kept up a continuous howl of abuse throughout.

"Chiesa!"

"Signor!" Chiesa's anger at Stefani was unconcealed, though he glared at the chapel door.

"Make a fresh attempt."

Nunzio wheeled about and spread his hands. "Eh,

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entrails of God," he muttered, addressing himself to the woman once more. The effort was unfruitful, except in the production of more scurrilous abuse and several loud thwacks upon the door. Scratching in his stubble, Chiesa shuffled away and sat down upon the horse block that stood beside the chapel door. Slightly confused, Stefani strolled toward the crowd.

"Did anyone hear her bolt the door?"

"No, *Voscienza.* She locked it. She always carried the keys under her little skirts."

"She was poking her face out through the little window."

"Of her little house, *Voscienza.*" The speakers vigorously pointed at the cottage across the garbage patch. For several moments they continued to describe the whole event to Stefani, including his own arrival.

"She doesn't usually work at this hour, does she?" Again Stefani accused the crowd.

"No, Signor. She came out of her little house by the back way and went round behind the chapel."

"She was looking out of her little window, Signor."

"She's locked the door, but not bolted it."

"She keeps the keys under her little skirts. But the bolt is too hard to throw over, Signor."

The freely sprinkled diminutives were an attempt at deferential persuasiveness.

"Eh, she's crazy, *bedda matri,*" Chiesa said loudly.

"Very well. Chiesa!" Stefani turned his back on the crowd.

"Signor."

"Break open the door," Stefani commanded, a little uncertainly.

"Eh, *sporca,*" Nunzio began. Then he approached the leader. "With your clemency, Signor, I think it would be best to wait till she comes out. She makes her soup at one o'clock. She doesn't work at this hour, as they have told you. But this morning she washed her new broom and put it out in the sun to dry."

Stefani rejected Chiesa's advice and curtly ordered Rossi to fetch the blacksmith.

"That's right. It's a new broom, *Voscienza.* She bought it yesterday at Caltagirone's and she washed it this morning," a woman said. "She didn't like it to look dirty. It is bright yellow. It was a brand-new broom, Your Excellency. She ran out and swore a lot and snatched up the broom as if it were a naughty child. God's mercy upon her, she's crazy, *Voscienza.*"

[*Continued on page* 464]

In the Wind

THE FEDERAL GRAND JURY investigating misuse of franking privileges has learned of twenty-four secretaries to Senators and Representatives who were associated with George Sylvester Viereck and George Hill, Hamilton Fish's secretary, in the circulation of postage-free envelopes to isolationist pressure groups. Names of the twenty-four will be released within two weeks.

JOSEPH E. DAVIES, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, may become our next ambassador to Mexico.

A CHICAGO JUDGE, considering the case of an alleged draft dodger, decided against any form of leniency because, according to the Chicago *Daily News,* the man had taken part "in the Carnegie-Illinois steel strike that resulted in the pitched battle of Memorial Day, 1937, when several persons were wounded."

ANNA LOUISE STRONG, discussing religious freedom under the Soviets in George Seldes's *In Fact:* "Today Young Communists are not allowed even to scoff at their parents' religion. . . ."

LEWIS E. LAWES, former warden of Sing Sing, has established residence in Dutchess County, New York, and will run against Hamilton Fish in next year's Republican primaries.

MANY AMERICANS have recently received printed postcards from Shanghai which bear on one side the slogan "Help China—Buy Chinese Goods" under crossed American and Chinese flags and on the other side the seal of the America First Committee. No one knows who is printing or distributing the cards. Most Chinese goods available today are, of course, manufactured in Japanese-occupied territory.

ONE TALESMAN examined on the opening day of the Trotskyite sedition trials in Minneapolis had been mobilized as a deputy in 1934 to combat striking members of Teamsters Local 544, of which many of the indicted men are officers. He was also a member of a family against whose business the union had recently struck. At first he declared that he would be a fair-minded juror, but later, under defense questioning, admitted the possibility of prejudice.

CORRECTION: In the Wind on October 18 reported that Edward L. Bernays, the public-relations expert, had taken a personal account for Torkild Rieber, former president of the Texas Company. Mr. Bernays has assured us that his firm has never been retained by Mr. Rieber or the Texas Company. We are glad to withdraw the statement.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

K. K. K. Versus U. S. O.

NOT being either a member or an admirer of the Ku Klux Klan I don't get its literature. Indeed, since the Klan seems now more a lingering nastiness than an active menace, I haven't bothered to pay much attention to it. Perhaps that was a mistake. It is a mistake which Frank McCallister, secretary of the Southern Workers' Defense League, does not make. A wise man, not reading for entertainment but on the lookout for trouble, he reads the *Fiery Cross,* which calls itself "the voice of Americanism," and reports vast klonvokations in Florida and Illinois, New Jersey and Georgia. The other day he sent me a copy containing a piece praising me for criticizing the U. S. O. Of course, the Klan has no more interest in the U. S. O. than it has understanding of "Americanism," but there are Catholics in the U. S. O. and Jews, and therefore the Klan is out to smear it.

I am not working on that job. Nobody but fools or slick peddlers of bitterness to fools for initiation fees could make out that the U. S. O. was a Catholic conspiracy or a Jewish plot. If any sect has predominance in it, it is the Protestant. Certainly the things which have seemed to me questionable about the U. S. O. come as straight from the hierarchy of the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army as from the gentlemen of the Roman church or Judaism. Indeed, if I have any personal feeling in the matter (which I hope I haven't) it would be about the Y. M. C. A. When I was a young reporter I lived at the Y. M. C. A.—and that experience is apt to have a lasting effect. What I have been kicking about is sectarianism of any kind in the provision of recreation for soldiers and sailors. Indeed, my protest is nothing more than a 1941 restatement of the official conclusion of Raymond Fosdick, who tried to supervise army recreation by the contending and competing sects and organizations in 1917-18. In effect he said, Please, never again. What we've got is what he said we ought to avoid like the plague.

But the U. S. O. is not to blame for the fact that the recreation centers it was going to operate with the money it collected in its drive last May are still largely nonexistent now. Building them was the government's job, and the government has fallen down on it—fallen down badly. In most places selectees can just hope to play a game of darts in one of them next January. Competition among the creeds is not waiting so long. Some substantial good work has gone forward. Many intelligent young men—and some not so intelligent—have been working in the U. S. O's service in the maneuver areas. But they haven't forgotten to advertise the U. S. O. and its service to the soldiers.

In some defense centers little towns have done almost all the work of providing recreation, but the U. S. O. has taken most of the credit. The U. S. O. armband on the U. S. O. worker will be prominent in most of the photographs taken of the center which was set up by the small-town ladies under the energetic direction of the local superintendent and largely at local cost. The one thing the boys always get everywhere is U. S. O. stationery, and so all the letters home testify to the U. S. O. The boy has to say in his own handwriting how much the small town out of its small means has done for the soldiers. Actually that small town's doing and giving have been a magnificent contribution to the morale of the tired, homesick, sweaty and dusty men in the maneuvers. But the story comes to the people back home on paper provided—it is about all that is provided in many cases—by the U. S. O. Certainly the U. S. O.'s advertising job for itself has not been neglected.

Such criticism, I know, puts me in almost solitary confinement between the combined sects on the one hand and the K. K. K.'s on the other. It is not a pleasant position to occupy. Among all the men in all the organizations—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish—which compose the U. S. O. there is an overwhelming predominance of men of goodwill. They are not less interested in men because they are by the nature of their positions first interested in their own particular set-up for the service of men. But the owners and operators of the K. K. K. are interested only in bitterness at a profit. No decent person would have any difficulty in making a choice between them. Fortunately no sensible person has to make the choice. There is plenty of solid ground between them for the million of Americans of all creeds who hate religious intolerance but who believe at the same time that recreation should be shaped by the soldiers and not by the main offices of separate, and determinedly separate—except in the matter of collections—organizations in New York. These Americans are contemptuous of the phony and fortunately impotent, I think, hatreds of the Klan, but as Catholics, Protestants, Jews, as giving citizens and receiving soldiers in this crisis calling for unity, they are more interested in the contact between warm heart and welfare than in any creeds or organizations between.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Notes by the Way

LAST WINTER, soon after the death of Scott Fitzgerald, I said that he had written only one novel, "The Great Gatsby," and a few short stories that would continue to be read. It was reported that he had made a new beginning before his death, but a fresh reading of "Tender Is the Night" published in 1934 intensified rather than dissolved my doubt that he would write another book as good as "Gatsby." "Tender Is the Night" contained some of the most glamorous writing Fitzgerald had ever done, but it struck me as the work of a man who had relapsed into self-pity—and self-pity, however well it may be explained, indicates a failure of will.

I rejoice to say that Fitzgerald's posthumous, unfinished novel, "The Last Tycoon" (Scribner, $2.75), proves me wrong. In this novel he had not only returned to the level of "The Great Gatsby"; the internal evidence of the finished chapters—and of the working notes which are included—shows that he would have gone beyond it. This triumph of Fitzgerald over himself and over the hazards thrown up by a world in disintegration—of which he was at first the portrayer and later, it seemed, the victim—is a tribute to his stamina as an artist and a man. And the fact that he was able to achieve it in Hollywood, that oversized caricature of all that is wrong with our world, makes the triumph even more impressive.

In "The Great Gatsby" Fitzgerald reached that plateau of objectivity and control in fiction which few American novelists attain. So many of them never rise above the stage of the autobiographical novel which is essentially a pre-novel, a stocktaking of one's own personality and background written out of an obsession rather than a discipline. Likewise, Fitzgerald's early heroes were himself. Gatsby, on the other hand, was an independent character, created, to be sure, out of the author's special knowledge and understanding but related only in that sense to Fitzgerald's own individual experience.

In "The Last Tycoon" Fitzgerald shows an even greater freedom and power in the creation of a character. Gatsby walks by himself—he still does—but we see him, so to speak, in silhouette. Monroe Stahr of the present book is much more thoroughly realized. Also, as Edmund Wilson says in his preface, "The Last Tycoon" is "far and away the best novel we have had about Hollywood, and it is the only one which takes us inside." But Fitzgerald was working toward something even more significant. We tend to think of Hollywood as a world apart, as funny or horrible, but in any case no responsibility of ours. Fitzgerald's Hollywood is both funny and horrible, but it is also integrated with the larger world, of which it is at once end-product and monstrous reflection. His book in its finished form would assuredly have been a brilliant novel about Hollywood. It would also have been a commentary and a judgment on the society which spawned it.

This volume presents the best of Fitzgerald. Besides the 70,000 words of his new novel, it contains thirty pages of notes, "The Great Gatsby" in full, and five short stories, including May Day and The Diamond as Big as the Ritz—which adds a new and modern dimension to the American tall tale. The notes are extremely interesting for the glimpse they give into the process of a writer at work. They are full of insight and humor; they are also intensely moving as the intimate remarks to himself of a sensitive and highly gifted human being.

"A TREASURY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN," containing the words and music of 102 songs, has been issued by Simon and Schuster ($5). The piano arrangements were made by Albert Sirmay. I haven't tried them but they look negotiable, and Mr. Sirmay tells us that they were "derived exclusively from the original piano scores published in London during the composer's lifetime." It is a handsome book, and it is illustrated throughout with delightful drawings by Lucille Corcos, including eleven full pages in color and many smaller black-and-whites.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Rebecca West in Yugoslavia

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON: A JOURNEY THROUGH YUGOSLAVIA. By Rebecca West. The Viking Press. Two Volumes. $7.50.

TO WRITE nearly twelve hundred pages on Yugoslavia is almost as heroic a feat as to be a Yugoslav. Miss West did it in five years, including her first trip into that land of abject poverty, dark passion, and sublime idealism. Miss West's two thick volumes are a confession of infatuation, to which balanced comprehension would have been an impediment. Her work is superb art inspired by distorted truth—a beautiful creation, but cubistic rather than classic.

The Serbs have monopolized all Miss West's love—and they well deserve it. But with the zeal of the enamored, Miss West turns on anybody who may reasonably or unreasonably disagree with the Serbs. The Croats, for instance, she dislikes wholesale, from beginning to end. The Slovenes—another branch of the three-pronged Yugoslav nation—she mentions on three out of the 1,150 pages. There is something odd about Englishwomen: when they become interested in the Balkans, they are more partisan than the Balkanites themselves. And just as Miss Edith Durham was a violent hater of Serbs, Miss Rebecca West is a merciless critic of non-Serbs.

The basic mistake Miss West made was to accept as her sole cicerone through Yugoslavia, Stanislav Vinaver, alias "Constantine," a man who earned his living as a censor in Stoyadinovich's Press Bureau (and who banned, among other books, John Gunther's "Inside Europe"). "Constantine" was a "writer and a poet," as Miss West calls him.

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But he was first of all Stoyadinovich's official; second, a talker; third, a writer; and fourth, a thinker. So it happens that Miss West's elaborate political analysis of Yugoslavia is what the Press Bureau wanted her to say; and that in her huge book there was no place for the leading Serbian, Croatian, and Slovenian writers and poets—Slobodan Yovanovich, Tin Ujevich, Marko Ristich, Gustav Krklec, Milan Rakich, Ivan Cankar, to mention only a few. The greatest Yugoslav playwright, Miroslav Krleza (now reported killed by the Nazis), is barely noticed on one of Miss West's pages. The monumental works of Ivan Mestrovich, one of the world's greatest living sculptors, are recorded here and there, but not his Croatian nationality. Even the great Serbian Bishop Nikolay, the most highly educated and venerated preacher in Yugoslavia, is sketched in a short, biting portrait: he resented the existing Belgrade government and thoroughly despised "Constantine."

Nowhere in Miss West's lengthy book of travel does the peasant come on to a page. Occasionally one finds his vivid costumes or unusual customs splendidly described, but not his soul. And yet this peasant, three-fourths of the Yugoslav population, has borne the crucifix of Yugoslav history. It is his stooped and invincible figure which created the folk epics, liberated Serbia from the Turks, made war on the Hapsburgs, and challenged the Nazis. Miss West imagines the black lamb to be the symbol of the dark, tortured South Slav soul; and the gray falcon, of the foreign invader. The truth is that Yugoslavs would hate being compared to lambs; and the Gray Falcon (*Sivi Soko*) is the traditional greeting among Yugoslav fighters *against* the invader.

Almost one-half of Miss West's eleven hundred-odd pages dwell on Yugoslav history and politics. There are thrilling sections written with great enthusiasm and in a soaring style —the stories of Dubrovnik and of the Kossovo Field are only two of the many gems. But there is also too much unessential or even grossly inaccurate history spread throughout the book. And the closer Miss West comes to the present, the more biased her attitude, until finally she lets herself go in pure invention and personal attacks on the leaders of the Croatian Peasant Party, the late Stepan Radich and Vladimir Machek (the latter is now in a German concentration camp for having stood by the Serbs in their supreme hour).

It is not true that Radich ever advised the late King Alexander to establish dictatorship—this insidious charge was invented by the Belgrade Press Bureau. The conversation between the dying Radich and Alexander, which Miss West quotes directly, never took place. It is equally untrue that the Serbian liberal, Svetozar Pribichevich, suggested abdication to the late king. And when one reads through Miss West's long and desperate effort to explain that the late king, though a dictator, was a democrat, and how he who loved everybody was deserted by everybody, one is left with a sense of pity for the author's naivete. And anyway, what good does it do at this time to rake up this unpleasant past?

But in spite of political distortions, Rebecca West's book is a magnificent piece of writing. Her pages pour over you sometimes like an irresistible torrent, sometimes like a monotonous drizzle, but their chief quality is always preserved—the graphic, pictorial description of faces and landscapes. Her writing seldom penetrates below the surface, but it gives you the surface in an almost physical sense. Reading it, you actually see, smell, hear, touch as well; and you experience an intense sensual joy. One sample: ". . . Mrs. X., who was an exquisite creature made of moonlight and soot-black shadows, cast from her slimness her heavy coat, which fell from her like a declaration in recitative." Or about the people of the island of Rab, "who are all like crucified Christs":

> Everywhere there are terraces. . . . On these inclosures black figures work frenetically. From a gray sky reflected light pours down and makes of every terrace and field a stage on which these black figures play each their special drama of toil, of frustration, of anguish. As we passed by on the stony causeway, women looked up at us from the fields, their faces furrowed with all known distresses. . . . From the olive terraces the men looked down with faces contracted by the greatest effort conceivable; and the trees they stood upon, though the droughts of summer and the salt hurricanes of winter had twisted them to monstrous corkscrews, also seemed fortunate by comparison.

And again:

> Below us lion-colored islands lay in a dark-blue sea. To the east the mainland raised violet-gray mountains to a dense superior continent of white clouds; to the west the long outer islands lay like the scrolls angels hold up in holy pictures.

Had Miss West thrown out of her manuscript much of the history and all of the politics, her book would have come out half as long. It would have been not only one of the most colorful pictures of Yugoslavia, but one of the most beautiful books written in recent years.

STOYAN PRIBICHEVICH

Right from the Feed Box

HORSE CRAZY. By Jesse M. Lilienthal. Illustrations by Howard Brodie. Julian Messner. $2.50.

ALL horse players die broke. Sure; but what other manias of the Western world gives you a better run for your money? The sport of kings takes you out in the open air, the jockeys' silks are bright and gay; and you get a lot of exercise running downstairs to buy tickets and climbing up on the seats to watch the runners go round. You learn a new language, with a highly developed technical apparatus and colorful vernacular. You can devote the half-hour between races to the delights of exhaustive research; you can discover your own undreamed-of powers of prophetic acumen, and identify yourself with a completely successful *curriculum vitae* in the short space of the minute and twelve seconds it takes to run six furlongs or of the one minute fifty-two and three-fifths for a mile and an eighth. That is, you can if you win; and if you lose, what gorgeous fantasies you can erect on a groundwork of "If I'd 'a" or "I should 'a . . ." Some days you might even make a little money.

All the fascination of this sport Mr. Lilienthal has excellently conveyed in his delightfully illustrated monograph. Both technically and colloquially, this talk rings true: it is the kind of chatter you can hear in the infield, the paddock

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or the seats behind you. The horses' names sound like horses' names, not like stories or the movies, where they're all Black Beauty or something. The people are like the ones you see, hear, and smell. And Mr. Lilienthal purveys not only good lingo and yarns but also sage advice to the investor. This is perfectly sound without being a bit evangelical; but I don't know, I'm afraid it is not ultimately convincing. In spite of his warnings, readers of *The Nation* will go right on trying to beat the Daily Double, trying to pick the winner in a field of two-year-old fillies in a four-furlong scramble in April, trying to get even in the nightcap, the last day of October at Empire City, for four-year-olds and up which have showed nothing but appetites since the Saratoga meeting. They will keep right on doing these foolish things; they will, or else I don't know my middle-class intellectuals.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Saroyan Again

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

"THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE" is the flimsiest bit of whimsy I have read since that masterpiece of the coy blandishment, "Dear Brutus." The newspaper reviews I came across of the stage production concurred in one opinion, namely, that Mr. Saroyan violated almost all the laws of the orthodox theater. (The Aristotelian? The Elizabethan? The Restoration? The Broadway?) But for my part I recognize no violations of anything but the spectator's sense of probability: a play that devolves on mice arranging flowers on the floor in the shape of the name Agnes seems to me to be the apotheosis of the circus and as such perfectly representative of the contemporary theater. (I wait for the day Mr. Saroyan produces a tragedy about a man who chews off the head of a lion who turns out to be Mr. Saroyan.)

The trouble is that Mr. Saroyan writes too much. Therefore the internal pressure of each work progressively declines, until in such a play as "The Beautiful People" there is nothing much present except an attractive title and some passages of flighty dialogue. And since Mr. Saroyan's subject has always, in the end, been Saroyan, the exhaustion of his matter is accelerated with every work: the Saroyan will soon be as completely explored as the Mississippi Valley. This play, I take it, celebrates the sentimentalist in the author: what other aspect of Mr. Saroyan is perpetuated here I can only guess, but I suspect the absolutist. Thus the poet in the play writes his book that consists simply of the word Tree. I would remind Mr. S. that he is missing an opportunity in omitting to write a play that consists simply of the word "Abracadabra": who knows, perhaps with this as invocation he could turn anything, including bad drama, into cash?

The second offering in this trilogy is entitled "Sweeney in the Trees" and needs no further comment than this quotation from the note that precedes the text: "What trees were Sweeney's? *All* trees. *The* Trees. Sweeney's trees. Trees which provided shade for human comedy and human tragedy. Shade, cool, height, and beauty. The trees of poetry." The phoniness of this pronouncement can be perfectly observed if the epithet "human" is removed; then it stands revealed

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in its fundamental wooziness. Trees that provide shade for comedy and tragedy are capable also of concealing the wood in which pretentious young men perform acts of emotional strip tease. "I identified 'Sweeney in the Trees' as follows . . . a play, a dream, a poem, a travesty, a fable, a symphony, a parable, a comedy, a tragedy, a farce. . . ." Or, "I believe a play—any work of art—should be several things, etc." And, for those who want the latest gossip about the young Archimedes of the Theater, he adds: "I shall very likely produce and direct 'Sweeney in the Trees' some day."

I end this with a fable or a parable or an allegory or a what have you of my own, about a gifted Assyrian who wrote some great short stories and gazed at them so long and so lovingly that they took on the appearance of poems, and then the poems took on the appearance of cantos, and the gifted Assyrian inserted some quotation marks and the names of friends and in the end, with the great short stories forgotten in his pocket, announced that he had just written a remarkable masterpiece called "Hamlet," or the "Divine Comedy." But the short stories knew better. GEORGE BARKER

American Political Theory

POLITICS AND LAW IN THE UNITED STATES. By D. W. Brogan. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE DEMOCRATIC TRADITION IN AMERICA. By T. V. Smith. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.

MR. BROGAN, an English political scientist with an extraordinary gift for understanding and illuminating the woof of constitutional principles and the warp of political tactics in the fabric of democratic history, whether in his own or in other nations, gives us a remarkably readable and able account of our own constitutional history in this small volume. It has the virtue of any book written by a sympathetic foreigner, for it combines familiar perspectives with insights which could have come only from an outsider.

Mr. Brogan traces the accretions of custom and usage which have been added to our written constitution and proves that our system is not as inflexible as is sometimes assumed. He thinks, nevertheless, that we indulge in some "misguided antiquarianism," such as the election of the President by state rather than by popular vote, and believes that such outmoded machinery may become a source of mischief. His account of our party system with its emphasis upon sectional rather than class interests is interesting, though he probably underestimates the distinctively class character of New Deal support. He finds that Congress fails to develop a responsible leadership, partly because of locality limitations in the election of Congressmen and partly because of the distribution of committee chairmanships according to seniority. With most Englishmen and many Americans he speculates upon the possibility of substituting at least a quasi-parliamentary system for the present constitutional relation between the President and Congress. These speculations and hopes are probably vain. However desirable such changes may be, they cannot be achieved without a radical reconstruction of the whole structure of our government.

Mr. Brogan's chapter on the Supreme Court includes a discriminating analysis of the controversy occasioned by the "court-packing" plan of the Administration. One gathers that the author believes that the controversy raised an important issue which was not settled. His position with respect to this issue, which may be regarded as his basic principle of criticism for the whole of our government, is expressed in the words: "Based on the doctrine of natural rights, the American constitution was planned to be a 'government of laws and not of men.' In consequence American political practice has shown some of the weaknesses of a legalistic attitude to the problem of organizing freedom."

There is nothing legalistic about Professor Smith's account of the American tradition. His books deals not with the mechanics of government but with the faith which informs and the tradition which guides political thought and action. T. V. Smith's belief in the democratic way of life has the passionate quality of a religious creed. But he is no dogmatist. He has, in fact, a capacity for weighing the imponderables of politics, for understanding the complex values involved in every political decision, which is more frequently attributed to British than to American political theorists. He understands politics as an art rather than a science.

In a really superb chapter upon Abraham Lincoln he reveals his own approach to politics in an estimate of Lincoln.

> Lincoln had learned to accept evil and to tolerate it. But . . . Lincoln had never learned to call evil good. The technique whereby he saved both his modesty in admitting moral ambiguity in the universe and his integrity in refusing to call either terrestial or celestial evil good constitutes a story all its own. It was a technique of detachment, mainly through humor, wherefrom hangs many a tale. . . . My best single guess why we have promoted Lincoln from life through death to secular sainthood was that he had this scrupulous mind concerning good and evil.

Among the many good chapters in this volume the one on Operative Equality and the Middle Way must be particularly commended. In it the author rigorously upholds equality as the regulative principle of democratic justice. But he also understands, as some equalitarians do not, that if this regulative principle is raised to an absolute dogma it does violence to the complexities of social life. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Where Do We Sit?

HOW and where a nation sits is even more important than how or where it stands, because every citizen, when he is at home in his own easy chair, is relaxed and most deeply himself. He is either sinking into overstuffed desuetude or he is in repose gathering new strength to meet the world. The chair itself is either deadening or bracing. That is why the new chairs at the Museum of Modern Art are good news. They are being shown, along with other modern furniture, not only at the museum but in a string of big-city department stores that helped sponsor the competition. The slogan is "Organic Design."* Patterns are now on hand; with enough further testing and, above all, popularization, real production can begin and cut down prices.

* For detailed information see the excellent pamphlet "Organic Design in Home Furnishings" by Eliot F. Noyes, published by the Museum of Modern Art and sold for 75 cents.

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In a nutshell, what the furniture designers have done is to cut the intolerable dead weight of our customary overstuffed chairs by a complete revision, and to multiply the usefulness of our chests by standardization. Some chairs by Saarinen and Eames, the sensation of the show, were shaped like sat-on sea-shells and built over a thin, steam-pressed plywood core. This self-stiffening continuous sheet is the same that is used in the latest plastic airplanes, in one-piece plywood sailboats, in the next year's automobiles. This structural method surpasses the framed construction that was "modern" just yesterday to the same degree as *that* surpassed the massive construction which once produced the Pyramids and the Grand Rapids club chair. Strength with less weight and fewer joints is the constant aim of the master constructor.

Are these chairs, then, something ultimate? It is not proved. Much testing is needed to establish whether, for example, the body-fitting modeling allows those changes of position that have been found indispensable to real relaxation. Meanwhile chairs using rattan or cane, or even metal, frames, and cloth or leather or rope or rubber seating, all retain their attractiveness and their claims; the excellent wicker pieces by Anderson and Bellah have perhaps the best chance to catch on with the public.

The other old idea is applied to chests or cabinets and is simple standardization. For years individuals have been trying to make room for their small articles—books, laundry, linen, china—in handy, demountable, interchangeable storage units. The idea was not only, as the museum explains, to be able to fit your furniture into that procession of apartments which changing jobs and shifting circumstances decree; it was also that America is sick of moving vans, and wants household goods it can carry in a Ford truck or a station wagon. On this program the museum makes a good start. The best designers and the largest manufacturers are behind it and will carry it through even if the product is still too fancy and the prices are still out of reach. Among the sets shown, this reviewer passed by the jury's prize-winner, which was amenable to a million different arrangements, in favor of one that was less like a busy housekeeper but perhaps more like an attractive wife. It was the set by Stonorov and von Moltke, with its voluptuous gray walnut color, its inviting surfaces, elegant proportions, and distinctive detailing.

The carved, bone-like, unmechanical, "primitive" detailing of legs and knobs in this set would offer a point of departure or an excursion into aesthetics. That will have to be made another time. Suffice it that the public is perhaps not yet aware of a new phase within the "modern" design movement. The "machine-age aesthetic" is already left behind, or rather reduced to a subordinate place. In Stonorov and von Moltke's chests it rules the boxes, but the adjuncts show something new; in the chairs the new dominates altogether. The new slogan is "organic"; the drawings resemble those of cavemen rather than engineers; the forms appear fanciful and random rather than geometric and rigidly calculated; they derive less from superficial rationalization, more from that strange coherence that wells up into imagination from the unconscious.

For the time being, let us pass all that by. In new furniture two needs are crucial. One is to have all America reasonably comfortable. This cannot be done through the clogging inefficiency of our furniture-building methods. The cumulative waste in materials, assembly, cataloguing, shipping, moving—even in pushing these overstuffed Fat Effies of ours every time we clean—mounts into the gigantic. But even worse is the effect on the American spirit. It is in repose that we shape our dreams. The greatest promise implicit in the museum's show is that we are on the way again to furniture that leads the citizen not out of the world but back into it—strengthened and refreshed.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

"A GALE OF LAUGHTER."—*Atkinson, Times.*

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PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

Tomorrow Will Come. By E. M. Almedingen. Little, Brown. $3.
Opinions of Oliver Allston. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.
Under the Sea-Wind. A Naturalist's Picture of Ocean Life. By Rachel L. Carson. Simon and Schuster. $3.
Civilians Must Fight. By Raymond Daniell. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Stafford Cripps: Prophetic Rebel. By Eric Estorick. John Day. $2.50.
Sentimental Education. By Gustave Flaubert. Dutton. Everyman's Library. 95 cents.
Plant Hunters in the Andes. By T. Harper Goodspeed. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.
Music on Records. By B. H. Haggin. Knopf. $2.
Man the Master. By Gerald Heard. Harper. $2.50.
The Collected Short Stories of Ring Lardner. Modern Library. 95 cents.
The Strategy of Freedom: An Open Letter to American Youth. By Harold J. Laski. Harper. $1.50.
Foundations of Modern World Society. By Linden Mander. Stanford. $2.25.
It Must Be the Climate. By Max Miller. McBride. $2.75.
History of the United States Food Administration, 1917-1919. By William C. Mullendore. Stanford. $4.50.
Nation and Family: The Swedish Experiment in Democratic Family and Population Policy. By Alva Myrdal. Harper. $4.
The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. With an Introduction by Carl Van Doren. Oxford. $5.
Etruscan Sculpture. Phaidon Edition. Oxford. $3.50.
Pensées and the Provincial Letters. By Blaise Pascal. Modern Library. 95 cents.
The Greek Political Experience: Studies in Honor of William Kelly Prentice. Princeton University. $2.
Twice a Year: A Book of Literature, the Arts, and Civil Liberties. Fall-Winter 1941. Twice a Year Press. $1.50.
The World's Destiny and the United States: A Conference of Experts in International Relations. Chicago: World Citizens' Association. 50 cents.

DRAMA

The Theater and the War

THERE was, as I remember it, comparatively little treatment of World War I on the contemporary American stage, but it appears that World War II is destined to be dramatized as it goes along. Three of the most successful plays of the last two years—"There Shall Be No Night," "Watch on the Rhine," and "The Wookey"—have dealt seriously with the subject, and another, Maxwell Anderson's "Candle in the Wind" (Shubert Theater), has just been added to the list of assured successes. All are serious, all but one are even decidedly grim; and the fact that audiences flock to see them means, perhaps, that for all the conspicuous lack of flag-waving and other signs of superficial excitement, we are actually taking this war far more seriously than we took the other. Neither playwright nor public can get away from it; neither playwright nor public can rest content to make what seemed in 1917 adequate gestures made at appointed times and then go on to talk about something else. This is a total war in a sense different from that commonly indicated by the phrase. We find ourselves thinking about it, not part of the time, but all the time. Nothing can be said or done without reference to the one monstrous and overwhelming fact.

That any of our playwrights should actually rise to the occasion, do justice to the theme, is too much to expect, for great literature is seldom or never written that way. Homer may contain all that anyone cares to remember these three thousand years later about the Trojan War, but the Iliad was not written by a contemporary, and though the second World War may quite possibly be remembered three thousand years hence, it will not be known in the words of Sherwood or Hellman or Anderson. Whatever history still survives will still seem more tremendous than whatever fiction of the day has survived along with it, just as the newspaper report and the eyewitness account now seem to outrun both the dramatist's picture and the dramatist's commentary. In so far as the dramatist is compelled to deal not only with an action of which he is a part but with one which inevitably dwarfs and overwhelms him, just to that extent he must be content to relinquish the poet's hope that he may reveal hidden greatness, for he must be content instead to play a part even less important, perhaps, than that of the mere journalist or historian.

Something of this sort I have said in less general terms before, and since "Candle in the Wind" is, despite certain glaring defects, as good as any of the other plays on the same subject—even in some respects the best of the lot—this may be as opportune a time as any to shift the point of view and to say that once one has accepted the general proposition that contemporary plays about the war are all but inevitably less than adequate, one may go on to remark that they have, nevertheless, been so far a good deal better than one had much reason to hope. Not one of the four mentioned is merely cheap or fatuous, as both "patriotic" plays and "propaganda plays" commonly are. All are at least sincere, none is really glib, and all are at least moving—even if less so than the news itself. And this judgment will stand in the case of Mr. Anderson's new play no less than in the case of any of the others.

It begins, I think, very badly indeed with an extremely stilted scene in the gardens at Versailles just after the occupation. But as Mr. Anderson swings into his melodramatic story of a French officer in a concentration camp and the effort, finally successful, of the American girl who loves him to match wits and a checkbook with an organization which seems to have no Achilles heel, the play picks up momentum. The atmosphere grows tense, the suspense at moments almost unendurable, and the story merely as a story genuinely if not really profoundly interesting. Mr. Anderson is also as successful as anyone else has been in trying to expose the chill horror of the Nazi philosophy, but I should hesitate to say that he has, any more than the others, actually made it any clearer or any more terrible; and like all the rest he depends, not wholly in vain, upon what we know from other sources to lend to his sheer melodrama a substantiality and a significance neither of which it would have if we did not bring into the theater with us information and convictions gained elsewhere.

"Candle in the Wind" enjoys the advantage of admirable direction from Alfred Lunt and excellent performances contributed not only by Helen Hayes the star, but also by the other members of a rather large cast, which includes several talented foreign performers, presumably fugitives from the world they are attempting to present. Its defects are those which one is accustomed to find in the author's other work. Just as "There Shall Be No Night" does not wholly escape Mr. Sherwood's characteristic literalness, nor "Watch on the Rhine" Miss Hellman's weakness for mechanical contrivance, so "Candle in the Wind" is by no means free from that certain pompousness which is Mr. Anderson's besetting sin. Especially in the first scene and the last, which is to say almost everywhere that melodrama is not dominant, one will find specimens of his plushiest verse and his most quilted prose, passages in which the fine words and more or less regular rhythms do not heighten meaning but seem to surround thought with some sort of padded wrapping which blurs outline and cushions impact. But it would also not be fair not to say that the big speech

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near the end furnishes something of an exception. The heroine has been challenged by the German lieutenant to defend her conviction that no people will actually be content to accept permanently the Nazi strait-jacket. She replies that no wild thing ever really accepts captivity, and that of all wild things the wildest is the human mind. That "big speech" very nearly comes off.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

"Dumbo"

THE new model brought out this year by the Walt Disney studio is a flying baby elephant. He comes to life in the film that bears his name, "Dumbo," a charming picture filled with marvelously conceived episodes. Despite this, Disney continues in it a development the problematic nature of which has grown more and more apparent since "Snow-White."

In "Plane Crazy," Disney's first Mickey Mouse cartoon (1928), a little auto is changed through the power of the cartoonist's pen alone into an airplane, which takes flight with Mickey at the controls. In "Dumbo" a similar miracle occurs: the baby elephant suddenly spreads his ears and volplanes through the air like a Pegasus or a bomber. Here, however, the miracle does not result simply from the fact that the film is a cartoon film, but originates in the psychological effect of a "magic feather" which Dumbo's friend, a little mouse, has elicited from some insolent crows. This tiny difference betrays a structural change in the Disney films. Through a long period Disney turned the traditional notions of reality and created his own laws for the elements of our visible world: in "Plane Crazy" Mickey's girl-friend uses her petticoat as a parachute, and the Skeleton in "The Skeleton Dance" (1929) employs his thigh bone to play upon a xylophone made from the bones of his skeleton friends. These metamorphoses come out of the observed relations between shapes or movements; the more ruthlessly they destroy familiar connections, the more they are justified—the more they manifest the artist's power over his material. Is the cartoonist dependent on fabulous princes, wizards, and magic feathers in order to defy the laws of nature? By including such fairy-tale beings more and more Disney has unnecessarily overburdened his films.

In addition, "Dumbo" clings to camera reality and even deals with imaginary things on the same plane. There is no doubt that Disney intends here to imitate the technique of the realistic film; but it must be acknowledged, too, that this intention turns against the principles on which Disney's classic short cartoons are based. In them he sought to build a world which had as little to do with ours as Mickey with a living mouse; his creatures strolled through a cartoonist's space in a time which, like the space itself, spread or shrank to his liking. In "Dumbo" Disney treats not only imaginary objects as real, but more, he combines them with human figures and does things which could as well have been done in the studio, and thus threatens the true interest of his medium. The cartoon film tends toward the dissolution rather than the reinforcement of conventional reality, and its function is not to draw a reality which can better be photographed.

The turn to a realistic style is fostered by the full-length cartoon which requires a story. One is reminded of the old comedies; they too have suffered from their extension to feature length. Film comedy and cartoon coincide in that they do not aim at the development of plots but rather at the exposition of particular incidents. For both kinds of film the whole "story" is just a gag or a series of gags. Hence they should be brief; for only on this condition can the plot keep its quality of a thread that holds together the pearls of the gags. The nature of the incident in both comedy and cartoon influences the nature of the plot. Thus the genuine cartoon would scoff at the idea of machinery ruling mankind and, like the comedy, select as its hero the weak little creature who must assert himself against the stupid and evil powers of our world. It is to their own disadvantage that Disney's feature films do not follow this line, but submit too readily to current social conventions. Significant in this respect is the conclusion of the present film: young Dumbo, instead of flying off toward some unknown paradise, chooses wealth and security and so ends as the highly paid star of the same circus director who once flogged his mother Jumbo. Is no better solution possible? However questionable the illustration of absolute music may be, "Fantasia" proved, at least, that feature cartoons are not necessarily dependent upon a "story." One could wish, too, that Disney would stop animating fairy tales into conventional everyday life, and, proceeding like Chaplin, develop everyday life into fairy tales through his cartoons. As to the methods of representation, he might be able, after the example of great painters, to transform *both* real and imaginary objects in his art and thus bring it to a new level.

"Dumbo" shows that Disney has already an inclination toward such a transformation. Hopes are raised by such scenes as the erection of the circus tent—a sequence in which reality is transferred to a strange, exciting sphere. Most fortunately, too, Disney's artistic instincts frequently prevail against his artistic intentions and thrust aside the disturbing story to bring in such happy inventions as the gang of crows, the beautifully developed play of the champagne pearls, and many others quite as delightful.

SIEGFRIED KRACAUER

RECORDS

EVEN after this delay my report on phonographs is incomplete because of production difficulties which are expected to increase. Lafayette has not yet received the table model radio-phonograph combination that is to replace last year's JS-175, or the machine that is to replace last year's excellent hundred-dollar B-102; and so far, therefore, I have heard only the C-213, which is good value for its price of $74.50. In the high-price range Lafayette's new Overture, which promised to be an outstanding machine, has been postponed; and the new 19-tube Concerto I will report on when I have been able to hear it with an Audax D-36 pickup in the better cabinet.

Three years ago, when both Consumers' Union and Consumers' Research recommended the Philharmonic machine as being the best buy and having the best tone, I found it conscientiously made of excellent parts but extremely unpleasant to listen to. Last year I had two reports about Philharmonic's new machines that led me recently—when I had to look for a substitute for the Lafayette Overture—to hear them myself. And I found this time that they are still constructed with honesty and conscientiousness that are rare in this

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conscienceless industry, and that with the right pickup and cabinet they give fine reproduction of records.

They comprise the 12-tube Futura and 15-tube Electra—the second with greater power and better speakers. I heard them (1) with a domestic record-changer equipped with the Astatic LP-23 jewel-point pickup-cartridge, and (2) with the fine Brush PL-25 jewel-point single-record-playing pickup; I heard them (1) in the Cromwell cabinet, and (2) in the Strathmore, which has a larger speaker-compartment (the Chippendale's speaker-compartment is of the same size as the "modern" Strathmore's). And with the Brush pickup in the Strathmore their sound had a cleanness, clarity, and sweetness that it did not have with the Astatic on the changer and the smaller speaker-compartment of the Cromwell—with an additional depth and richness in the sound of the Electra from its greater power and better speakers (I should add that I liked the Futura best with its treble-control turned one step down from maximum, the Electra with its treble-control at maximum). I was unable to hear them with the Audax D-36, but am confident that it will give good results with them; and the only way to have a record-changer without loss in the sound is to get a Garrard RC-30 equipped with an Audax head. The price for the Futura chassis with Brush pickup is $275.65; for this chassis in the Strathmore cabinet it is $362.25; for the Electra chassis with Brush pick-up it is $349.95; for this chassis in the Strathmore it is $437.85. These are the prices for the machines with standard broadcast radio; for FM add $62.50. And for a Garrard changer equipped with an Audax D-36 head add $55.

On the previous occasions that I have written about machines I have recommended putting the speaker into a separate box of which I have given the specifications. This accomplishes two valuable ends: it gives the sound astonishing spaciousness and clarity of definition; and it makes a record-changer unnecessary, since the rest of the machine can be put into a cabinet low enough to be accessible to a seated person, who does not have to get up every five minutes but merely has to lean over in his chair to change the record (my objection to record-changers is not a whim but has behind it such good reasons as inferior reproduction and increased record-wear). Philharmonic offers its machines in such a two-cabinet set-up, the Gotham: $410.50 for the Futura, $495.25 for the Electra (these prices without FM). But while the 8½ cubic feet of the speaker-cabinet are enough for the 12-inch main speaker of the Futura, the 15-inch speaker of the Electra should have at least 10 cubic feet and preferably 12; and I recommend buying only the Gotham end-table cabinet for the Electra chassis and having the larger speaker-cabinet built by a carpenter according to specifications which Philharmonic will furnish.

For readers who may want to build such a speaker-cabinet for their present machines I will repeat the specifications I gave a year ago. It is a simple box of ¾-inch wood, of any dimensions that provide an interior of at least 15,000 cubic inches for a 12-inch speaker or 18,000 for a 15-inch; with a removable back that fits in flush with the sides, top and bottom; with long pieces of 1- by 2-inch wood fastened diagonally across the back and the side panels to eliminate any vibration; and with the entire interior—except the hole in the front panel for the speaker—lined with Kimsul acoustical wadding, obtainable from the Kimberly-Clark Corporation, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. A small hole is cut in the back for the speaker-cable to pass through; and for easy handling the box can be put on castors.

And since questions are coming in I will also repeat my recommendations on needles. Use a Victor half-tone or full-tone steel needle, whichever gives the better result with a particular recording—a fresh needle for each side. If you can afford it use shadowgraphed steel; and try not only Victor but Actone RF-12A (in the package with these numbers stamped in black), which is made by H. W. Acton, Inc., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, and which is cheaper. For the first playing of new records use a Victor chromium needle to get rid of the abrasive debris—one needle for four or five sides; and use a chromium needle for each series of sides on a changer. Do not use other semi-permanent needles; do not use a jewel-point unless it is a permanent and integral part of a pickup—and then only a pickup as good as the Brush; and do not use a cactus or thorn: whatever the advertised claims, this needle gives poor reproduction when new, wears down too quickly when repointed, and does as much damage to the record when worn down as a worn steel needle does—and a steel needle used for only one side causes as little wear as any needle can.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Undiscoverables

[*Continued from page* 455]

Then the thing Stefani had no wished to hear was spoken.

"Oh, she's certainly mad, *Voscienza* She runs about the streets at nigh frightening good people." The speake was the mandolinist Ferrarello. Th crowd was at once silent. Stefani turnec his back upon them. No one spoke unti he ordered Rossi to fetch a blacksmith

"That's right," Ferrarello drawled

Stefani frowned. "Make one mor effort, Chiesa, there's a good fellow,' the leader said, putting on an expressior designed to counter-balance amiability

Nunzio stamped over to the churcl door and bawled suddenly. "Rosaria come out." The answer began halfwa down the chapel aisle. It became precis and intelligible a second before a grea whack resounded upon the door. The silence, followed by shrill blasphemies

"She's broken the shaft of her brigh yellow broom," Ferrarello said, an many voices in the crowd at once cor firmed him. Subdued yet lively conver sation continued for a while.

"Bedda matri! She was as daft as child with a new toy, with that broom, Diodata Ferrarello cried.

"She bought it at Caltagirone's stor you know. And wasn't she proud c herself! Eh, you should have heard he my ladies. She beat down old Calta girone a whole lira on the price. M word, she was content." The emphati voice of the speaker enabled them a to hear.

A quieter voice spoke up. "She can out of the shop and pretended to swee the sidewalk. You should have hear her chuckling. Holy Virgin, you'd hav thought the broom was a piece of goc news, like . . . She shook it in Benc venni's face, they say."

"No, she didn't shake it," Dioda Ferrarello put in.

"Accusì dicono. That's what th say." Now that she spoke out sharp in defense of herself everyone reco nized the speaker as Signora Santangel

Diodata answered her emphaticall "I say she didn't. I was coming out the church and I saw her. She just he it out toward Bencivenni and laughe She was pleased as a girl to have a ne broom, that's all."

"Well, the old one was certain worn down."

"Anyway, she came to my house ar showed it to me," Diodata said, "Ar she swept my kitchen floor with it

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how me how clean it would sweep," Diodata continued.

"That's why she had to wash her bright yellow broom in lye water," a nale voice said. There was no response rom the crowd, neither from Diodata ior from the other women, though ome of the fishermen standing in a group beyond the chapel laughed aloud.

"She came to the Paterno house twice ast night. My husband saw her. She anged on the door with her hand be- ause they'd taken the knocker off."

Signor Stefani suddenly put an end o vocal comment by striding up to the hapel door.

"Rosaria, have you any fifty-cent andles?" he shouted rather diffidently, olding his face near to the keyhole. Incouraged by the Grisafi's silence, tefani repeated his question. Presently e put his ear to the door.

"All right, all right. What does it natter?" he shouted. The old woman's eply was not to be distinguished, but tefani put his hand in his pocket and ook out coins. "Don't you trust me? I ust you, Rosaria. I can't see you light ie candle, you know." He pushed a oin under the door. "Now listen, I ant to talk to you, about the chapel," e shouted quickly. She did not hear im, for she was already on her way to omply with his request.

As the Grisafi trotted away to the otive-candle stand, Stefani straightened p and made a gesture of modest tri- mph, as if saying, "You see, it can be one if you go the right way about it." hiesa silently scoffed, tossing his head if the ruse was of no account.

"You should use a little wisdom, a ttle tact, Chiesa."

"At fifty cents a time? Why, she'll ght every wick in the diocese for fifty nts apiece. You just try to get her out id see what happens."

"We shall see."

"And she'd set her blessed self on e for fifty lire," the emboldened iiesa scoffed.

"Now listen, Rosaria. I want your vice," Signor Stefani suddenly ex- limed. Behind his back Chiesa threw his hands and in silence appealed to e crowd. The fish curer began to bble something unconvincing about a ass that was to be celebrated in the apel.

"Go to the point, *Voscienza,*" Nunzio iiesa muttered contemptuously.

"So, why don't you come out and k it over, Rosaria," Stefani coaxed. ie Grisafi at once let loose a stream horrible abuse and banged the door with her broken broom. Chiesa laughed aloud.

"Idiot, blockhead, slovenly cretin," Signor Stefani yelled, and Chiesa stood to attention.

When the blacksmith arrived, he was at once ordered to break open the door. Blasphemous shrieks greeted the first blow of the hammer. Rossi held the iron swage against the lock, and the black- smith reluctantly swung the hammer. Then the chapel bell began to ring furi- ously. The door resisted every blow, though the plate of wrought iron that covered the mechanism of the lock buckled beneath the swage. Rossi low- ered the tool and shrugged his shoul- ders. The blacksmith drew back. Still the bell rang furiously. The crowd sud- denly became restless. At the bottom of the street an automobile was heard noisily changing gear for the ascent. As it reached the summit, the bell stopped. Major Mori got out of the car and strode toward the door.

"What in God's name? You fool, you demented fool," he thundered.

"She wouldn't come out, what else could we do?" Stefani protested, flinch- ing before the uniformed Mori.

"Break open the door, man, now you've begun," Mori shouted and wheeled upon the crowd. "Go home, all of you. Have you nothing better to do? Albanese, arrest that man." He pointed authoritatively at Ferrarello. The towns- people, indeed, had not waited for Mori's command. They had begun to drift away as soon as he had got out of the car. Now they scurried down the street and across the garbage patch. Some of them accepted invitations to enter the houses of friends. The fisher- men unobtrusively stole away toward the threshing floor.

"Arrest him," Mori bellowed, his neck and face puffed up with blood and his eyes standing out of his head. He shook his heavy arm and planted his feet angrily in the dust. The chapel door jerked open, shuddering as it swung on its hinges.

"What have I done, *Voscienza,*" the mandolinist protested as Albanese dragged him toward Mori. He threw off the subordinate's hand with a vicious oath.

"Take him down to the Town Hall. It doesn't matter what he's done. I'll find a way to instruct him." Thoroughly frightened now, Ferrarello lost his head and stepped back three paces and lifted his hands in a defensive manner. Mori, thus prompted, dashed at him with long pounding strides and brought his fist down upon the top of Ferrarello's head. Albanese kicked the fallen man in the ribs.

"That's right, that's right," Mori snapped and put his hands upon his hips and glared down the almost empty street.

"In there and fetch her out," he shouted without turning his body. When he did face the chapel, it was to sneer at Stefani. "A nice, foolish thing to do. Don't you know any better than to break open chapel doors? Answer me! You think it good sense to attract half Sicily to watch you arrest one old woman? Confound you, I'll make you sit up for this." Triumph, rather than anger, rang in Mori's voice.

"What else . . ." Stefani began. His face twitched with fear and resentment. Suspicion that Mori had planned this ignominy awakened in him.

A clatter of chairs resounded in the chapel, and Mori strode into the door- way. Chiesa and Rossi were dragging the Grisafi along the aisle. With one hand she hugged the broken broom to her chest. In the other she clutched a long fractured candle with which she delivered backhanded blows in Chiesa's screwed-up face. All three were shout- ing.

"Listen to me, woman," Mori bel- lowed. The Grisafi was at once silent, though when Chiesa released her arm she promptly struck him in the face with the candle.

"Porca madonna," Nunzio yelled and grabbed the candle. They tugged at it until the candle was nothing but a length of limp and broken segments in Chiesa's victorious grasp. He stared at it for a moment, swore horribly, and threw it upon the ground, whereupon the Grisafi spat in his face. Chiesa howled in rage.

"Take her to the Town Hall. Get into the car, you!" Ferrarello limped to the automobile.

"You, Stefani, and you two, take her to the Town Hall," Mori sneered, ex- ulting over his subordinate. The two men dragged the Grisafi some thirty yards and halted. Because the men were now out of hearing, Stefani spoke up again.

"I shall not do that," he protested hotly. His indignation at being given such an ignominious task gave him courage.

"You will do that. And you will present yourself at my office at once." Livid with resentment and shame, Ste- fani muttered an order to the file.

"I shan't. You can't expect me to do

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that. What . . ." Signor Stefani's voice suddenly dropped. The tone of controversy went out of it precisely because he had just fully realized what humiliation was about to befall him. He flushed deeply. "No, sir, you've no right. I am an officer too."

"Ha, so you're an officer! You therefore have the right to break down chapel doors. Oh, yes, my dear sir. Church doors too? Why not? Up to the dimension of small cathedrals? So you're an officer, eh? And not Toni Stefani, the little fish peddler."

"Mother of God, you've no right . . ." Stefani burst out. "The little fish peddler" was the nickname he had always borne among the townspeople. From the days of his early childhood his father had not only forbidden him to mix with other children but had given other men's youngsters the same admonition, in the very presence of their parents. Since that time he had been called by that derisive nickname. For a few moments Stefani's courage endured, and then suddenly he was facing Mori the man. Mori stood over him, the hot blast of personal strength coming out of him like a sirocco. Stefani wilted and gazed wretchedly into the black-shadowed, exultant face of Mori, into its sneering power.

"You shouldn't give me such an order, sir," he faltered.

"No?" Mori did not soften. On the contrary, it seemed to Stefani that he lifted up his bulk and bore down upon him. "Eh, *bedda matri!* The young fish peddler is ashamed. There will be sly women peeping out of their houses as he leads his captive through the streets. That's what they'll do, my little sir. They'll say, 'Signor Stefani's big day. He's got a prisoner! An old lady with bees in her bonnet.' You should be proud, Signor. Eh, that you should! The way you were when I gave you the order." Mori laughed scornfully. "You marched off in great style. You certainly did."

Stefani's eyes were opened. So Mori had given him this mission deliberately to bring him to ridicule. It was part of Mori's undeclared feud with his father. It could not be called a feud, for Stefani senior had failed to gain the protection of the *pezzi grande* in Catania. And Stefani senior was too pusillanimous a nature to fight on his own.

"You should not bring the party into contempt, Signor." It was Stefani's last desperate defense.

"You cause me to smile," Mori sneered and returned to his car. When he had driven away, the fish curer strode off across the garbage patch leaving the file to escort Rosaria Grisafi to the piazza. The woman went quietly enough and only shouted when she caught sight of Bencivenni standing on the steps of the great church. She tried to shake the broom head at the sexton. Rossi struck it from her hand.

Stefani junior, though he was a subsecretary of the Fascio, did not present himself at the office where the local leaders were to listen to the directions of an important functionary from Catania who had arrived during the file's operation on the hill. Caustically yet smoothly, the functionary expressed his disapproval of the Grisafi incident, suggesting that a disproportionate importance had been given to that source of demoralization.

"You must make some attempt to understand the mentality of the people, gentlemen," he continued glacially. "It may be true that this old woman was a demoralizing influence, prompting superstitious fears. But surely you realize that people, being what they are, resent the person who awakens their fear? With a little care they could have been made to approve of her—withdrawal." He chose the word as if selecting it from its pigeonhole in an archive of words.

The functionary continued to unwind his silken discourse, leaning back a little farther from the table at each period. He had heard that the people of San Filippo were already trying to make a hero out of Don Cataldo, whispering of him that he was a member of a powerful monarchist society. A few, the functionary added, in gelid tones, would try to make a heroine of Rosaria Grisafi.

A smile became set upon the elder Stefani's face during the functionary's criticism of Mori. It delighted him to see the San Filippo leader deflated. But after a while his satisfaction was marred by his certain knowledge that when the functionary had gone he, Signor Stefani, would suffer the full, withering blast of Mori's wrath. Nevertheless, it was good to see the overbearing ruler of San Filippo put down.

"But I take a different view of the Maniscalco affair," the visitor concluded, as if dismissing a tiresome employee. "Here is an instance of flagrant incitement to disloyalty. You cannot be unaware of the nature of the offense. He was agitating against military service. Everyone in this town will have repeated his words. There is surely no doubt in your mind as to the course you should take. Why has nothing been don Major Mori?"

"It shall be done." Mori angrily ga orders to his son, Antonio, also a assistant subsecretary of the local Fasci to arrest the goatherd. Signor Stefa was shocked by Mori's tone, an alarmed.

"And there is little reason to deta this person Ferrarello."

"The man has a criminal record Stefani senior said deferentially, order to curry favor with the Major.

"Very well," Mori snapped.

Half an hour later the mandolini squatting sulkily upon the steps of t church, watched a car drive away in t direction of Catania. Sitting in it w Rosaria Grisafi. "They're going to lo her up in a beneficent institution for t care of the mentally sick. *Bedda matri* Ferrarello said to Bencivenni, wh came out to send the mandolinist abo his business. He held the yellow broo in his hand. Ferrarello moved dov four steps into the sunlight.

"I'll sit here and beg. You can't tu me away."

"Can't I! A fine beggar, you! Be ging is forbidden by the state. You p more liquor down your throat than do food," Bencivenni exclaimed wi incongruous pomposity.

"Just look at yourself, beanstalk Ferrarello sneered.

"Pack yourself off at once, moun bank." The sexton brandished the brig yellow broom at Filippo. The manc linist scowled at Bencivenni before plying, "You should say artiste. We anyway you don't stink of stale fish Stefani junior was crossing the piaz

"Eh, Holy Mother of God!" Ben venni exclaimed hurling the broom up the steps.

"What has occurred to you now, lord cardinal?"

"She's got the keys in her pocket."

"Such professional jealousy," Fer rello murmured.

Bencivenni stalked into the gloom the church without answer. Several m utes later Diodata, Ferrarello's moth slip-slopped by.

"A little alms for the love of G kind and beautiful lady," Filippo qu ered, holding up his cupped hand.

"Catastrophic failure!" he ejacula as Diodata walked on. Before leav the house she had heard of Filippo's lease, and relief had set loose her an "Spendthrift!" she spat at him.

Presently he wriggled up the st and fell asleep in the shade.

[*To be continued next week*]

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Letters to the Editors

The Swedish Myth

Dear Sirs: Allow me to put on record my emphatic disagreement with practically everything Maurice Feldman said in his article called Where Sweden Stands, in *The Nation* of October 11. The fact is that Sweden since the beginning of the war, and in particular since the outbreak of hostilities with Russia, has committed countless violations of neutrality, none of them for the benefit of the Allies. German airplanes that fly over Swedish territory are no longer shot at. If they crash by accident, their crews are no longer interned. The supposedly one and last German division which was officially permitted to cross Swedish territory in June is still going back and forth between the Nazi bases in Norway and the Finnish front. So much so that the Norwegians, who really and bravely fight Nazism, now mockingly call Sweden "Transitania" and say "it wasn't a division, it was a multiplication."

It is not true, as Mr. Feldman said, that the Swedish government has declared recruiting for the Finland Corps unlawful. It did declare recruiting for the German Waffen SS unlawful after it had been revealed that these recruits were sent to Norway to help subdue the patriots there, but it specifically excepted from the ban recruiting for the Finland Corps, and this still goes on with the full support of Swedish military and civilian authorities.

Nordstajäarnan, the Swedish weekly paper in New York, printed on August 8, with glee not regret, a report that 0 Swedish officers and non-coms and ome 400 men already were fighting on ne Russian front, and that fresh contingents were coming over at the rate f 150 to 180 men a week. The paper ade it clear that these were not, as in ne 1939-40 war, civilian volunteers, at fully trained and equipped soldiers, at is, taken out of Sweden's armed rces. Thus Sweden, that brave little emocracy, is depleting its own military sources to help Germany invade and estroy the official ally of Great Britain d the United States.

And what of the German ammuniions train, marked "foodstuffs," that ew up on July 19 at Krylbo, Sweden? 'hat of the Swedish navy convoying en, guns, and ammunition to Finland, as was dramatically exposed by the "accident" to the three Swedish destroyers at Harsfjärden on September 17?

I have no grounds for suspecting Mr. Feldman's honesty or his attachment to democratic ideals, but I must say that the picture he drew of Sweden today is exactly what the German propaganda agencies would like to have us swallow. The Nazis are interested in presenting Sweden as a gallant little democracy resisting German pressure—if this picture gains ground, the British blockade may be weakened and American export licenses may again be granted for Sweden, whence the goods can then be reshipped to Germany.

I wish that Mr. Feldman's Where Sweden Stands were true. But I know it isn't. The Swedish myth still is popular in America. One day there will be a cruel awakening.

JOACHIM JOESTEN

New York, October 21

Mr. Feldman Brings Up Reinforcements

Dear Sirs: Joachim Joesten, recording his "emphatic disagreement" with my article on Sweden, says that German pilots of airplanes that crash in Sweden are no longer interned, but he gives us no figures to show how many pilots have been sent back to Germany.

As to the attitude of the Swedish workers and farmers toward the Russian-Finnish war, if Mr. Joesten had more first-hand information he would know that the Swedish people do not feel the same sympathy for Finland now as during the campaign of 1939-40. If he had read the *Göteborg Handels-och Sjöfahrstidning* of October 24, 1941, he would have seen there, in one of many anti-German articles, this confirmation of my contention: "The ill-will with which bourgeois circles in oppressed countries formerly regarded Russia also is beginning to disappear. Why the 'crusade' against Bolshevism has had this effect need not be explained. The cause is evident." In the *Politisk Tidskrift*, official periodical of the peasants' organization, appears a similar statement: "This war does not mean a crusade against Bolshevism but much rather a realization of Hitler's maniacal imperialistic dreams."

Letters from persons now in Sweden and conversations with others who have just come from Sweden further confirm the views put forth in my article. Karl Heinz, one of the leaders of the Austrian Social Democratic Party, who arrived recently in the United States from Sweden, where he worked in close collaboration with the Swedish Social Democratic Party, not only agrees with my article, but also tells me that the Swedish workers, peasants, and intellectuals are doing heroic things for Norway. The truth is that the Norwegian people still have a high regard for the Swedes. They know, and so does every well-informed student of Scandinavian affairs, in how many ways Sweden is helping Norway at the present time.

Mr. Joesten writes: "The Nazis are interested in presenting Sweden as a gallant little democracy resisting German pressure." Why? Are the Nazis also interested in having the United States resist German pressure? George Gibson, the head of the British Trades Union Congress, after a recent visit to Sweden, drew a picture of the country for the people of Great Britain in numerous articles and radio speeches. Does Mr. Joesten think that Gibson's picture "is exactly what the German propaganda agencies would like to have us swallow"?

I am proud to be in the company of George Gibson, Karl Heinz, and other leaders of the British Labor Party and the Second International. Only people who have present contacts with Swedish officials, trade-union leaders, students, workers, business men, journalists, etc., should be presumptuous enough to put on record their agreement or disagreement.

MAURICE FELDMAN

New York, October 27

On Mr. Jarrell as Critic

Dear Sirs: Recently you printed a review by Randall Jarrell of the poetry of Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska which is a startling example of deadly and uncreative tendencies in criticism. The review also shows that the reviewer is aware of poetry, and under the circumstances this is a discouraging revelation.

No matter how many poems a reviewer has read, is his taste reliable when he can suggest that Mr. Gregory

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should have written, if he were really an ironist, "*soft*-breasted Whitman" instead of "*wide*-breasted Whitman"? That is an issue of verbal taste, and since criticism of poetry depends on this, it is an important issue. One does not even need to have read Miss Zaturenska's poetry to see, on internal evidence in this review alone, that Mr. Jarrell's sneering objections to her work are based on dislike of her range of imagery and her own verbal taste. After we have discovered such a lapse in the reviewer as the one quoted above, we begin to wonder. And we discover an equally important error in his attitude and tone toward the poets he is treating so summarily; there is contempt here—revealed in his use of the "mouse" figure—and contempt is a strange emotion with which to approach the work of any creative artist, whether that work is successful of not. There is also a premature desire to bury these poets, who are still young and very much alive: to bury Mr. Gregory with mild respect and condescension, as if his work belonged to a very confused past; and to bury Miss Zaturenska with an amused surprise at the fact that she writes poetry at all, since she is hopelessly handicapped by not having known English in her cradle. Has Mr. Jarrell forgotten Conrad?

I happen to disagree with Mr. Jarrell. But even if I agreed in substance with his judgment on these poets, my main discomfort about this review would still exist. In no sense can this sort of thing be called criticism. Poetry is one of the important efforts of the creative spirit; and in a tragic era, which demands the intensification of creative awareness, real criticism neither sneers nor tries to obliterate. It welcomes what is good and places its emphasis there. And it illuminates its rejection of what is bad —of course it must reject as well as accept—by fair analysis, for its purpose is to aid our perception of real values.

REBECCA PITTS

New York, October 15

And His Reply

Dear Sirs: I'm rather puzzled by Miss Pitts's specific points. Mr. Gregory writes metropolitan poetry, Miss Zaturenska pastorals; so I used a very brief figure about town mouse and country mouse; but surely that's not contempt. I tried to explain Miss Zaturenska's verbal weakness by saying, "She is handicapped for poetry, just as Santayana was: by not having spoken English as a child." Does that show "amused surprise" or "bury" her as "hopelessly handicapped"? While commenting on the inconsistency of Mr. Gregory's irony, his unqualified acceptance of Emerson and "wide-breasted" Whitman, I put in a parenthetical joke: "Surely so ironic a poet might have said *soft*"; is that an "issue of verbal taste"? Miss Pitts has not read, but interpreted, my review.

Calling a partly unfavorable review sneering, contemptuous, not criticism at all, certainly ought to influence the critic to write more favorably: who wants to write an unfavorable review and have Miss Pitts act as if he had murdered the Princes in the Tower? Some old writer said that a poet, writing about someone, "may nat spare, althogh he were his own brother"; I suppose that it is different with criticism, which "welcomes what is good and places its emphasis there."

RANDALL JARRELL

Austin, Tex., October 23

Another Non-Winner

Dear Sirs: That was a swell review of "Pulitzer Prize Poems" you printed in your September 27 issue. Rolfe Humphries is to be credited with both intelligence and intelligibility on the subject of taste in poetry. To his list of non-winners of the Pulitzer prize who have written poetry of quality may I add the name of Rolfe Humphries?

DORIS BENARDETE

Brooklyn, N. Y., October 6

"Advance" and Union Labor

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that in the interest of truth, the Congregationalist paper *Advance* should not say on its masthead that it is printed by the Pilgrim Press when such a press no longer exists. I have made this protest several times to the editor of *Advance* and to other leaders of the Congregational Church—without result.

Advance is printed by the R. R. Donnelly Company of Crawfordsville, Indiana, an anti-labor concern against which the printing-trades unions are conducting a nation-wide campaign. It is a fact that several years ago the Donnelly Company was found guilty of unfair labor practices by a court in Indiana.

Considering that democracy is clearly on the defensive throughout the world, I think it would be wiser for churches to employ union labor for their printing and other work. At least, the misstatement about who prints *Advance* should be rectified.

MARION E. LEWIS

Marshfield, Mass., October 28

George Sterling

Dear Sirs: I am writing the biograph of George Sterling (1869-1926), an shall be very glad to hear from ar *Nation* readers who have recollectio or impressions of this neglected Cal fornia poet who was a protege of th late Ambrose Bierce and a close frien of Jack London.

CYRIL CLEMENS

Webster Grove, Mo., October 17

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THOMAS REVEILLE is the author the widely discussed book "The Spoil Europe: The Nazi Technique in Politic and Economic Conquest," which w published early this fall.

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